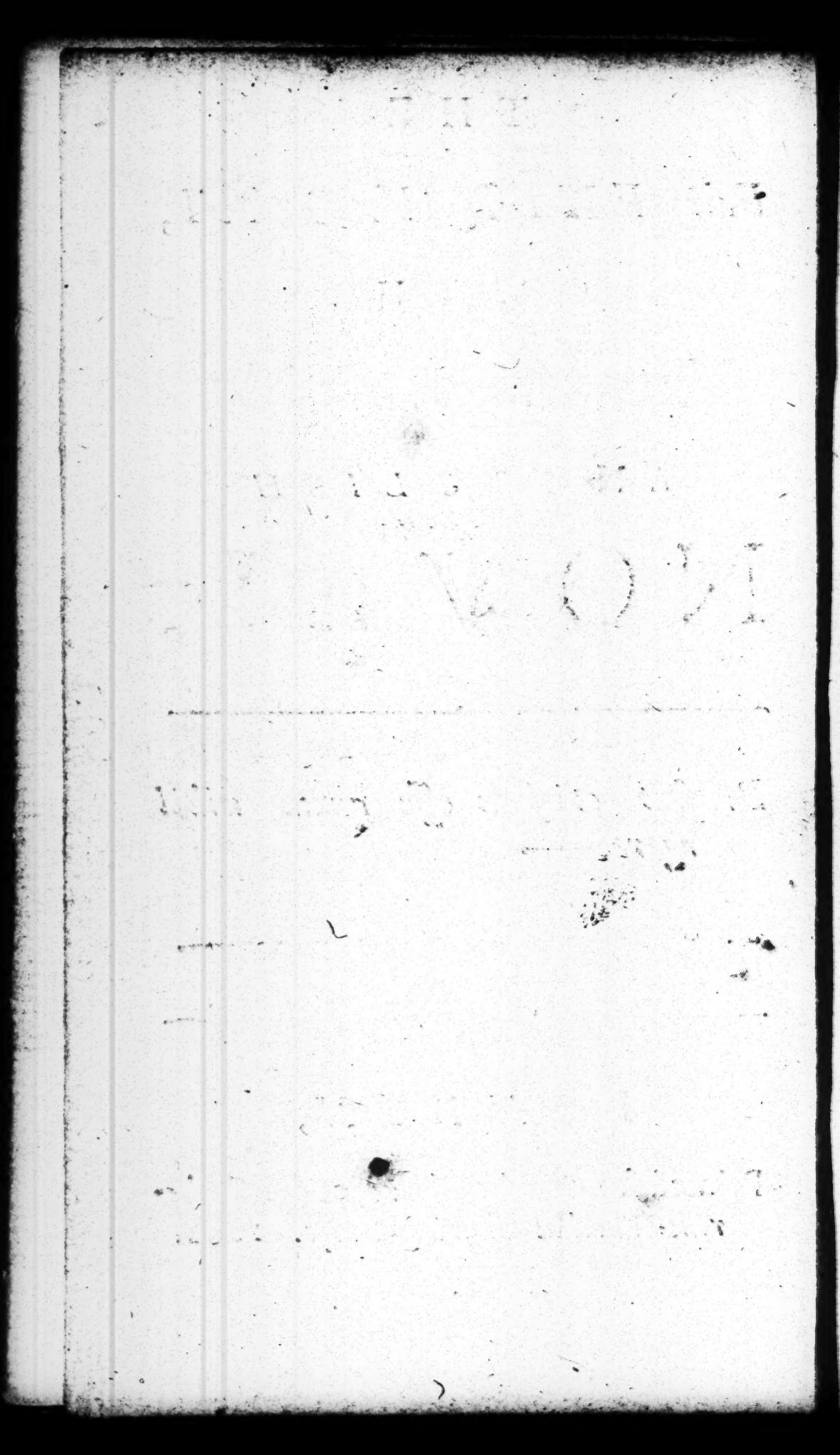


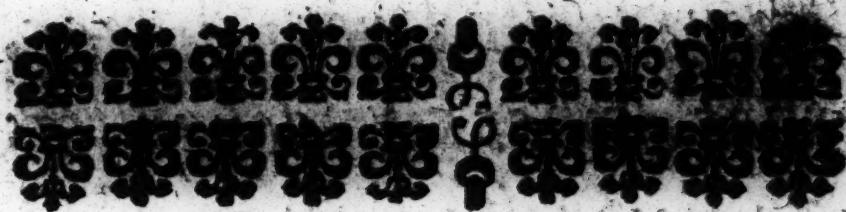
John — THE *Book 16, 2*
Fair EXTRAVAGANT,
OR, THE
Humorous Bride.
AN ENGLISH
NOVEL.

*Praestat otiosum esse quam nihil
agere. —*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Charles Blount, at the Catherine-Wheel at Charing-Cross. 1632.





To my Worthy Friends,
Mr. W.C. and Mr. A.P.

HA.D. it not
been a necessary Acknow-
ledgment, I
had not presum'd. (Gen-
tlemen) to have occa-
sioned you a Blush, in
throwing such a Trifle
as this unto your Prote-
ction.

The Epistle

tion. And yet, I fear, that what I design as an Expression of my Gratitude for your many Favours, may draw on me a greater Obligation from you; I mean in receiving this into your Patronage: It is the first thing I have done publick Pennance for in a Sheet: Which, yet, had Mr. Blount been less hasty, had been more Correct and Pardonable.

You

Dedicatory.

You know the Circumstances that provoked me to this Attempt; I shall only put you in mind, that

Nil habet Infælix Paupertas
durius in se,

Quam quod Reticules ho-
mines faciunt.

I shall not need to trouble you with the English on't, ~~for~~ ^{though} the Latin is as familiar and easy as your own English Tongue. Nor wou'd I have

The Epistle, &c.

have the Ladys understand it, lest it spoil my Fortunes.

I must confess there is much in that ! But there will be infinitely more in your goodness, if you will not, for this, lessen the kind opinion you have hitherto had of, most Dear Friends !

Your most sensibly Oblig'd,

Obedient and Humble Servant,

40

THE
Fair EXTRAVAGANT
OR, THE
Humorous Bride.
A. N. ENGLISH
NOVEL.

IT is expected (perhaps) I should say somthing by way of Introduction to this Discourse, and play the Philosopher before I play the Poet. But at present I am not disposed to be serious; besides I never was fond of that tedious Paradox, the farthest way about, is the nearest way home. and

B.

[2]

and so am willing to be Trudging on to
the Story, which tells us :

Ariadne was as Beautiful as any of
her Age, as Witty as Fair, as well
Educated, and as Humorous as either;
Add to these the advantage of her Uncle's
Death, who left her sole Heiress
to Twelve Hundred Pounds a Year,
besides some Thousands in Money and
Jewels, and you will conclude he was
the happiest younger Brother in *Christendom* that Married her: And so (per-
haps) he was; for I never heard her
Virtue call'd in question; and 'tis hard
if a Man could miscarry among so many
Excellencies; at least it must be his own
fault. Her Birth two was Honourable
enough, being Daughter to a Knight
Baronet, by which you may guess she
was an *English* Woman and our Neigh-
bour; for (by the way) I am not going
to put any *Spanish* Intrigue upon you.

The last fatal time she was in Town,
being about the seventeenth year of her
Reign. (for Beauty, give me leave to
tell

Poets were pil'd in a heap; my Lord Rochester was laid aside, only Mr. Cowley stood alone: but what was most pleasant of all, this satyrical pretty Lady had bound *Rablaic* with *Dod* upon *Clever*. In short, here lay a Play, there a Sermon; here an Academy, there a Prayer-Book; here a Romance, and there a Bible: not but that she was a good Christian for all this I say. Now be pleased to take notice, when she was weary of singing and dancing, she did often read in one or other of these Books, especially Romances, for she was a great reader of Knights, Dignity, and warlike histories, very addicted, as I fear you'll find, to have had the tender of many a man's heart, the profers of many a man's service, but either this was a Squire, or else a Lawyer, or rather a Fopp, and the rest of the Chapter: the other day, as I was walking along the

ry dearly. My heart (said she) I am
resolved on't, my own Miranda (she
continued) it must be. I am confirmed
in the unfeignableness of the pro-
ject and I will go through with it
as far as I make out and prepare to
execute it. The young Earl her
Cousin was sent off the next morning
by his preceptor, the French con-
fessor, to the University of Oxford
where he was to stand in the Royal
Company of Archers, and the next day
the young family at this time with
the Earl of Northumberland the next
day (he was then (chos'd Member
of the House of Commons for the
County of Northumb'ry South) I am
sure of that of course he was
to be a Gentleman of the Guard
and he was sent to the
University of Oxford

whom I can find in my heart to commit the dangerous Sin of Matrimony. Thou wilt be witness of all my actions, which I hope shall never cast thee a Blush. Ah (dearest friend) keep y^e Miranda. I know your Virtue keeps too strict a Guard, to permit anything to be acted contrary to it's Protagonist, tis absolute, and allowes but often priviledges to the Subject, but safe most wholesomes and pleasant. And does this little extravagance, you have propo^{sed}, I think it's so innocent wth specially regarding the design that leads you, that I protest I am too fond of my self. Come along then (said M^r Arden) Let's to my Brothers Chamber and dress I - 'tis now about three o'Clock, and Euander (that was her Brothers name) is just gone out to take a Bottle before Play-time. How know you that? (said her Cousin) Ask safe in my Closets (reply'd Arden) I'll send him, ask if the Coach w^{ch} he had was answer'd yes, knock at the door down stairs. This is the best assurance you'll get, except how

means (said her loving Second.) Without making any more words therefore they went directly to Evander's Wardrobe, fitted themselves with two of the richest, and most modish Suits that were there, which indeed were very Glorious and fashionable: for by the way, *Evander* was a Spark of the first Rate, his Father having left above 3000*l.* a year, clear Estate in Land, besides a considerable bank of Money. He was very good humour'd and very handsome, much like his Sister, and very little Taller; four years older than she, being just turn'd of twenty one. However were he twenty Brothers, and twenty times more like her, than he was, she was mighty glad of his Absence, for they immediately dresst themselves, and the Cloaths sat very well on 'em, being all three much of the same height and proportion. Now (said *Miranda*) Consider Merry assoon as you will, I would advise you not to part with the Bretches, for I wou' go you they becomic you extremely well! Pardon me *Miranda*

randa (said our t'other *Amazon*) if I
 take not your advice, for I should per-
 fectly hate my Husband, if I per-
 ceiv'd he would suffer me to impose on
 him. But come Child (continued she)
 let's see if the Coast be Clear, and
 whip out the back way: saying so,
 down the Back-stairs they went into
 the Garden, which Door they present-
 ly unlock'd, *Ariadne* constantly danc-
 ing a Key of it about her, afterwards
 they rambl'd as far as Fleet-street, and
 the crowd going in, and coming out,
 at Richard's Coffee-house, shopt 'em,
 which made *Ariadne* curious to know
 the humours of such a Place, with much
 ado then they thrust in boldly and
 sat down: says one, who sat at
 the Table where they were, In my o-
 pinion the *Character* of a Popish Suc-
 cessor, &c. is as Rational & Discoun-
 tainable as has been writ of late, nor can I
 think that Mr. L' *Strange* has any way
 answer'd his least Objections to the
 His Succession. O (cry'd *Ariadne*)
 delicate peice 'tis, no doubt! And
 he had but apply'd himself never so
 little

little to the Lord Mayor, and Court
of Aldermen, immediately upon the
Death of Mr. Jenkins, in reward he
had certainly obtain'd the Honour of
being Roast at the Honourable Coya
London, before any the most profligate
of his Compeeters in Town, by some
strange oversight in him (replied Mr.
Ward) but I understand now he has
up for something more Advantageous
I mean, to be Chiefe Factor to the
other four (christened Honourable Com
panie) with their usual Solemnities on the 1st
and 18th of November: and it is for
his designes to Burn his own Popes
next Year. Why, Sir! (said Mr. Ward
with a smile) do you imagine he did
not Expeditiously? And then Mr. W.
Wriper of ourne Striley, that is now
only become a Pageant of No: power
me, Sir, (replied Mr. Ward) taking up
the Cudgels for his friends) were now
no fit object of your Authority, and
certainly the Englishmen Scornes of all other
Citties very well: but Sir, if the
Englishmen had been more diligent
commanded, had he left off his Sarcas-
tic wit.

came for Popes, and shew them Charabbits
 etc. I suppose (said another meat spise
 him in a Band) you are a Tory. (A
 tch. Sir, (cry'd Mr. Andie) what is
 that? That is, a *T*ame *V*ery *s*av, a *D*ukes-
 man, or a *P*apist in *M*ay *W*ards. On
 my word (said Mr. Andie) it is of a large
 signification! But I can assure you Sir,
 we are none of all these. Perhaps (con-
 tinu'd she) we wish the *D.* all the
 Right imaginable: so do I too, (repli'd
 our Spark with the Band) but then I
 fear it will go very hard with them.
 Pray Sir, (continued he very pertly)
 don't you think the late Parliament
 dissolv'd at *Oxford*, were all wise: and
 honest, well meaning Gentlemen? How
 Sir I cry'd Mr. Andie very briskly. All
 men are not honest: that can't be, for
 there must be some Fools, and some
 knaves, or else they are not the true
 representatives of the People. At this,
 I was abashed, and some look'd dimly
 on me. On my word young Gentlemen
 (said Sir. Farmer with his Band) the
 well your President is not here, so we
 would have had a bout with you.

now? A bout with us? (reply'd Arisadne) what before all this Reverend Company? No, no, let him take a bout with his Boys, for we are not for his Management. However, (continued she) 'tis time for us to be gone, for fear he shou'd ha' seen us at *Paris* or *Validolid*, or somewhere abroad where neither of us have been these forty Years. With these words they mov'd their Hats as they had seen others do, and left the Company to censure 'em; they tript on to the *Dukes-Play-house*, where that day was plaid the *Orphan*, or the *Unhappy-Marriage*.

By the way (said Arisadne) I am sure none of those Fellows we left are for my turn. They got into the Pit, before they were aware, and Arisadne had forgotten the Name of the Play. Prithee Jack (says she to *Miranda*) what's play'd to day? The — something, or the *Unhappy-Marriage*, (answer'd she.) How! (said *the other* in a surprise) pray Heaven it prove not Ominous! Which is enough to convince any charitable Man that she

Wag

was a good Christian, for I dare assure him, her Prayers were heard. — Well — But — As she was thus piously reflecting, a Gentleman vwho sat near 'em, and wvhom she had not as yet observ'd, over heard her Deprecations, and taking notice of the Zeal with which she utter'd 'em. Sir, (said he) you mistake, possibly; this is not St. Paul's Covent-Garden, nor St. Dunstan's Church; and indeed I believe it is not so proper a place to Pray in. How (said she smartly) I'm sure I have heard many a good Sermon here, and I know no reason but that I may add a Prayer to 'em if I please; for assure your self I have found it very vwholesome so to do. Nay, and more than that, I have on the contrary humm'd a Minuet to my self, vwhen I have seen many a Reverend Spark in a Gaffcock hold forth stoutly, and have never believ'd found no hurt by it at all. I am sorry Sir (said he) you have converted both the Places. — Perverted (say'd Arinda, looking earnestly on him) I think you do the people

use of such according to the time
and Circumstances, for there I have
heard such Hum drum Discourse, that
I must of necessity have fallen asleep,
had I not sung in my own defence. Now
here I have often taken notice of some
Scenes that have so pretty fitted the
Circumstances, which I was then un-
der, that I could not forbear saying ad-
men to them. (Said Polydore. for so
the Gentleman was call'd,) I said (Sir)
you value your self much on your Con-
tempt of the Clergy and things Sacred,
but I can assure you, no man in his right
Senses will esteem you e're the more
for it. And pray (Sir) give me leave
to ask you how long tis since you read
Mr. Hobbes's *Leviathan*? Sir, I suppose
you are mighty conversant with his No-
tions. How! — (said the Gentleman) If I do not
you will pardon me (Sir) if I do not
well know whether you mean the book
a. monstom by the Name of *The Leviathan* or
down-right (cry'd Mardonius.) You are
very positive, Sir (said Polydore.) and
how you're determined on this, I wonder
But by good fortune you are in the
right;

right; for, if things that have no resemblance to the other part of the whole Creation, may justly be call'd Monstrous; this is so. Ha! (said *Ariadne*, whispering *Miranda*) This is the Man. I confess (continued she turning to *Polydor*) to prevent any further discourse on this matter, I have heard before of this old Gentleman, but I never gave my self the trouble to be better acquainted with him, than by Hear-say. You are the happier man, Sir (said *Polydor*) for certainly you have avoided giving your self a great deal of Perplexity. — By this time the Curtain was drawn up, and they suffered themselves to be entertained by the Players. And truly they did themselves no great Violence, for I think twas a good Play. They had however some Discourse between the Acts, which (perhaps) was more Harmonious than the Musick, especially to *Ariadne*, who was so extremely pleased with our younger brother, (for so was *Polydor*) that she had engaged to go with him to *Locks* after the Play. Now caught I in conference

give you a Character of this same Poet
and his Life. He had lived
about thirty Years, and those chiefly in
Paris and London, and a good Christian
too was he. I mean no Papist, nor yet
a Presbyterian, but (perhaps) of Mr.
Lestrange's Faction, if I may call the
Church of England a factious Party ;
but pardon me, I think it more proper
to name those so, who differ from it.
For pray take notice I mean to represent
him as he was, a very honest brave Gentle-
man, of a good Family, well educated,
and of good natural Parts ; for his
Singing and Dancing I cannot say much,
but of his Poetry, the Town has had
sufficient Opportunities to judge. He
was as handsome too as the best Actor I
have ever seen upon our Stage. I Not so
cruel as Malmanor, nor yet so timorous
as Sir Nicholas Gallo. Not so vain as
Sir Feeling ; nor so plainer as any Actor I
skipful friend Justice Clougham for Gravity,
he was a very deserving man, you will
believe, for I have drunk Sister Bonet's
with him ; I had an excellent time too
besides all the fun which you can imagine

occurred

occasions so offensive; I mean his Company
Brandeburgh. This was the clote of the Marion
which round fruit Amazon had already
thrown her self away. To Locks therefore
they went in a Coach together, where my dear friend Polydore lost twenty
Guineas, which both the Marquess
and Ladies were witnesses of, but
they observed him so undisturbed at it,
that they concluded him a Slave. Said
Polydore to him, Tempt your Fortune
one more, here are some Guineas
remunerating your service. Pulling out a Purse
that held forty or fifty, truly I
cannot tell which. I thank you, Sir,
(said Polydore, very obligingly,) but I
must not accept them. I have lost already
what I proposed to my self to hazard,
besides I am yet so much a Stranger to
you that I ought not in modesty to re-
ceive so great an obligation of you, for
I have not as yet forgotten that the Miss
Jemima said (in *Quo' d'valfum abcepit*)
that you were a knave. Why what is that
(Sir John English?) (said Mr. and Mrs. O'
Sullivan to Polydore,) I am sure it is
a very good opportunity and I know not what
will be done

an Errour to speak Latin in Gentlemen's Company, especially in such a Place. No matter (said Ariadne) since we know (Sir) you will not accept of my service. But (proceeded she) I have a proposition to make to you, if you can find in your heart to divort your self from this good Company, and withdrawe Book or two, with my Coffe and me in another Room. I could not tell you Sir (said Ariadne) for I would not be am issify among so many Spectators. Call them for another Room (said Polydore) and I will wait on you immediately Gentlemen. I will but just take my leave here. They did so, after having made their Compe to our Gentlemen, and expected him not long, but no sooner were they gone, e're one enquired who they were? Another, whether they would Play? A third, what Esteem others of them had? And how long they had known them? Nay, god (said Ariadne) have not been long acquainted with them; tho one of them is a Gentleman, who is which was that? (said Ariadne) Why, he that offered me Money,

Money, (answered Polydor.) Dam thee
 for a Coxcomb, (said his other friend
 Tom) for refusing it ! No no (interrupted
 our third Gamster) I fancy he has
 better Business with him hereafter. You
 may swear it Will (said Polydor) the
 Gold and I had not parted else, at least
 this Night ; for be pleased to take notice,
 I should not have played an Ace more.
 Well, However sit down and drink a
 little more for the Money thou haft lost
 already (said honest Will.) No faith
 (cry'd Polydor going out) I am enga-
 ged. He went directly to his new Ac-
 quaintance, who (perhaps) were very
 glad to see him so punctual : and after
 having saluted him a fresh , (said Ari-
 adne) Let us now lay aside all formalis-
 ty, for if you please (Sir) I mean to be
 very intimately acquainted with you.
 (A pretty sort of a Phrase , had he
 known who spoke it.) It will undoub-
 tedly be my unhappiness if I be not,
 (said Polydor.) You do not know
 (cry'd she very p' easantly) how it
 would contribute to the whole felicity
 of my Life, if you vwould but endeavour
 it.

ie. How do you mean Sir? (answering
red Polydor by the way of Question.) I
mean (said she) that all things might
be in common betwixen us two. For
believe me, I know it most sacredly to
you: you La Woman, you are the
only man I must love. 'However I
will now make you an offer that may
not (happily) be wholly disadvantage-
ous to you, though it will add much to
my Quietness. Dear Sir (interrupted
Polydor) pray spare your Complements,
and as soon as you please propose if you
can what I dare refuse to you. Come!
To the Business; to the Business, Cousin,
(said Ariadne) You shall know them
Sir (continued Ariadne) I have a
Cousin that is a rich Heiress, being at
present possessed of twelve hundred
pounds a year in Land, besides some
thousand pounds in Money and Jewels:
her Person is Tolerable, I think at least
it is so, if mine may be thought so; for
we are more like than any other two you
ever saw. Her humour I think exceeds
this. Pardon me (interrupted Ariadne)
they are both so excellent, that it
is .

is no easie matter to determine which is most Beautiful and Charming. She is obliged to you (said Ariadne) her Age (continued she addressing her self to Polydore) is the same with mine, being very near seventeen. You may believe in these Circumstances she could never want the Addresses of many Persons, and those (perhaps) of no mean Quality. But she is very curious in the choice of that fatal thing we call a Husband, for (I dare I swear for her) she means to make no Property of him, but to love him as immoderately, unmodestly, and as virtuously as ever Husband was loved, in the old Sacramental days of Matrimony! And were she mine, (interrupted Polydore) I would love her so heartily she should almost complain of it! Not that I mean to kill her with kindness, for if I should attempt that, I die first myself, but I beg your pardon. Pray, Sir, proceed: I might then remind you (pursued she) how difficult it has been hitherto for any man to make the least impression on her Inclinations, which were so impulsive of, that she almost despaired of finding

finding a man she could heartily love. I have often heard her though describe such a Figure of a Lover and of such Qualifications to her self, which made me once offer my Service to her in the search of such a one she had described, insinuating that I was the more likely to Succeed of the two, and the sooner; because my Breeches would admit me into that Company, which her Petticoats would exclude her. She readily accepted my offer, and was pleased to say, she was certain she should approve of my Choice. And now this very minute am I playing the Knight Errant to serve this Lady, which I would do with the hazard of my life, for assure your self I love her as my own heart. You were saying (Sir interrupted Polydor) she gave you a Figure of the man she could love, pray what was that Sir? If it be not subtle in me to desire it, nor inconvenient in you to shew it. I beg you would proceed to his Picture. You shall have it Sir, (said she) as soon as I can get it where I draw my As for your business you are sufficiently acquainted with

with that already; for your Quality, I know it by your Name. So that to save the expence of so much precious time, I am sure you need ionly consult your Glass; and you will see the very Man there in all Circumstances. O Dear Sir! (said *Polydor*) do not Impose on me; but I perceive this is but real Raillery; you have a mind to be merry: But, Come, Sir, my Service to you; this Glass will inspire us with another and (perhaps) as pleasant discourse. She saw him drink off his Glass fairly: And then answered, By all the truth Mankind is capable of, you do me wrong (Sir) to imagin that I have hitherto impos'd on you, or that I shall ever hereafter endeavour it; besides, I am very sensible 'tis no easie attempt in any body, especially in me. Yet, give me leave once more to attack your unjust, and if I may say so your unkind mistrust of me, oſ what I have told you! By all the hopes I have of future Prosperity (purſu'd ſhe) you are the Men. How can you be affur'd of them, Sir! (said *Polydor*.) I am absolutely Conſcious up to what I ſay, and ſo you ſhall have

firm'd, assur'd and dare swear it (replied she) For, she see's with my Eyes, hears with my Ears, Understands with my Intellectuals, and thinks as I do. On my word, Sir, (said *Polydor*) you are a very dangerous Rival then.

Alas, Sir, (replied *Ariadne*) were I your Rival; you have a great deal the advantage in your Weapon: And the Combat would be more Pleasant than Fatal. But be confident (continu'd she) you need fear no Rival, to my certain knowledge, she is passionately in Love with you: And to confess the truth, I was sent to observe your motions, and if possible to fix you so long as to make this discourse to you, with some overtures which yet I have omitted. *Polydor* all this time regarded her so earnestly, and so strictly surveyed her all over, that he hardly was sensible when she came to this last Period: But at length Recollecting himself, Sir (said he) allowing all this to be real; yet you are to learn the Circumstances, which at present I am under. But forgive me, after all the serious Faces you have us'd, and after all

your

your earnest discourse, I am still suspicio-
ous of my own Merits, tho (perhaps)
not of your sincerity, and the assurance
you have from her. And come continu'd
he drinking to *Miranda*) my Service to
you, Sir. Help me I beseech you to
Divert this Gentleman's Melancholly.

— Melancholly ! (said *Ariadne* very
eagerly, as soon as ever he had set down
the Glass) 'Tis you that Impose now,
for I see you are about to perswade me
that I am a little civilly Distracted, or
so. — But (pursu'd she vehemently)
pray (Sir) let us learn those Circum-
stances of yours which we are yet igno-
rant of. *Polydor* seeing her somewhat
concern'd, did not know what Judgment
to make of what he had heard, whether
it were Real or Fictitious. But weigh-
ing deliberately the Meen, the Habit,
Beauty, and Discourse of the Person,
began tacitely to accuse himself of Inci-
vility to a Person who at the first sight
had offer'd him so considerable a Ser-
vice, as Thirty or Forty Guinneys
might ha' done him, had he accepted
'em, wherefore he concluded himself
mistä-

misaken and rather the master of the
two; which oblig'd him very easily
and modestly to reply; Sir, I much
Mistakenly beg your Pardon for my own
Machis in mistaking you so long; and
that you may the more easily be informed
to so generous an A.G. I will tell you my
Circumstances, and you will find what
necessity I had to despair of my own de-
serts in so great an advantage as this
might ha' been to me. You may (hap-
pily) have heard of my name (or that
of the) if you do not know any of the Fa-
mily, which I daresay is honest and nice
altogether I grieve; my Father (let me
speak it with modesty) enjoys a plenti-
ful Estate, Heaven be praised! However
I am the youngest Son: And my For-
tune is small enough. I have no depend-
ance but on Providence and my own
endeavours, if I shou'd contrivantly
convinced to impair that little of it my
Grandmother left me; and, although the
bitter poverty is suggest'd, part of which
you saw me just now make my last Will
in this House yet, giving me leave to add,
I am an Honest Fellow, true to my

C

King,

King, and my Mistress when ever I had one; no more a Gamester than my Ancestors, which (may be) was too much; I mean tho, not fond of it, but in hopes to improve the little pittance was left to support this Tenement, too little for the unruly Guest that fills it; for certainly I had never been so unadvis'd as to hazard my Estate, had it been any thing proportionable to my Humour; but at present I only possess 80 Pounds a year, the Remainder of 150*l.* a year left me by the old Gentleman I spoke of before. And now (Sir) if after all I have discover'd to you 'tis possible this Lady should love me, she is a Prodigy of Goodness: But I hope, you are convinc'd she cannot. So far I am from being convinc'd that she shou'd not love you for your slender fortunes (answered Ariadne) that it the more Confirms me you only must be the Man. For, these are the very Circumstances she could have wish'd to have met with in him she Lov'd; And when her Brother has told her she would sometime or other throw her self away, (as he call'd it) on some younger Brother,

or

an Extravagant Elder Brother ; I
have often heard her protest, she had rather bestow her self according to the de-
scents of the Person, not his Land, since
she had enough to maintain both him,
her self and her Children splendidly,
without being oblig'd to any of her Re-
lations. This I dare safely avow (inter-
rupted Miranda) I have several times
heard her declare it. Ay — But Sir,
(said Polydore) what a pretty Life must
that Husband have ; when on the least
difference imaginable the Lady will
shall fly out to this Effect ; Base Man
do you consider who rais'd you ? God made
you 'tis true ; but he left you poor ; I found
you so and made you Rich ? And suppose
that by the advantage of her Fortune he
should be prefer'd at Court ; — Was it not
I ? Was it not through my means you are
what you are ? Was it not my Duty
to bribe such a Lord ? — Ah poor
Thing ! Thou couldst hardly have gone thither
in a Hackney-Coach, much less in a
Coach of thine own, but that I taking pity
on thy thin Shoes, gave thee Room in mine ;
but more, in my Bed : More miserable
wretch ;

wretch'd more odious Foul I ! O damn'd infarnated hazard Hold, Sir, Hold ! (cry'd Ariadne aloud) and almost out of Breath, or I shall burst my Spleen and Ribs with Laughing. Merely you never very naturally ; y' are strangely concern'd what ever's the matter : But give me the opportunity to Breath a little, and I will tell you, she is a Lady, if not of so good a Family as Polydor's ; yet he shou'd have no cause to blush at the alliance he may have, if he pleases. And since we do suppose her such ; we may presume she has had such Education as would not allow the least disobedient Word to the Man whom she had once ston'd in her Heart to Marry. And pray she not confirm you in this Opinion of her : But above all (continued she) be absolutely satisfied she Loves you perfectly. This I must urge too (said Ariadne) I am extremely oblig'd to the Lady (reply'd Polydor) But what does the care of me ? Reciprocal Love (answer'd Ariadne) If you can find in your Heart (said Ariadne) to cast your self away on a most Beautiful, Young,

Young, Good Humour'd, Virtuous,
Well-educated Lady, with a good For-
tune, and one that has a great deal of
Love in store for you, say the World,
and you both may be happy. How now.
(interrupted Arsadne) I believe Cousin,
you are in Love with her your self!—
Be so kind, Sir, (continued she A cry-
ing her self to Polydor) your Answer?
When I see the Lady and have discours'd
her a while, I'll resolve you (said Polydor)
for (continued he). I hope you are not so
unreasonable as to propose to your self
then I shan't make you any promise be-
fore that. Still you are scrupulous! see
Sir (said Arsadne) and let me tell you
without a Cause: Dost not you take
my Word? You know my Name by
this time, I suppose, and some of
our Familiy (perhaps) if not—
O if I do! (interrupted Polydor) I must
full desire to speak with the Lady, for it is
otherwise I should deny my self the use
of my Reason; and that I beg you you do
not suspect of me. I confess I am a
prisoner (I that which you ask is unreason-
able, but such is the Cause of this

Lady's Humour, that she is resolv'd the Person she designs for her Husband shall not see her Face till after they are Married. And in short, this is the hazard you must run: Consider on't. To-morrow till Eleven in the Morning is the utmost Minute she will expect you. You'll find her in the Park by Rosamond's Pond, accompanied only with one Lady more, both Masqu'd. She that gives you her Hand is yours for ever. These are hard Terms you'll say; But Remember, Nothing venture, nothing have. Ay, Sir, (interrupted Polydor) of faint heart, &c. No matter for the rest. — But pray give me leave to tell you, I hazard all the little Estate I have; Besides, perhaps, my Reputation, as 'tis not impossible but she may have lov'd before to my cost, should I Marry her, and then my Quiet follows my Reputation, or pray Sir pardon me I beseech you, for you may remember too, 'T is good to look before we leap; I must urge what I can against you to satisfie my self; she may, instead of being us'd great and Fortune, prove a greater Cheat; and Marry me so.

keep her self out of a Prison. —— Hold ! Sir (interrupted *Ariadne*) have I been all this while labouring to perswade you of her Virtue and Wealth to so little purpose ! What do you see in me that shou'd make you suspect the truth of what I have told you, after all the Protestations I have made ! if she were a lewd Woman, or one who wanted an Husband to go to Gaol for her ; are there not a now inferior to you every way, that might act such a part ? in fine, Credit me ; I am sure you may be very happy with her if you embrace the Proposals I have made you.

I am in earnest, think well on't ! This is the last time of asking. 'Tis somewhat a short warning she gives a Man ; methinks (continu'd *Polydor*) she might enlarge the Bounds of her Resolution a day or two more. For, she will otherwise have but little Reason to commend my Discretion. No matter ; she is already sufficiently satisfy'd of all your good Qualties. And she can't afford you one Second more. Nay (laid *Miranda*) I know her so well, that I dare

engage she will not yield you one Moment. Shee's very determinate then in her purposes ! (sayd *Polydor*;) But methinks continu'd he) I Dream. No, *Polydor*, (said *Ariadne*) you wake : But you shut your eyes to your own good Fortune. Open 'em I beg you. I suppose, you may know or have heard of her Brother *Sir Fr. Heartwell*, enquire at his Lodgings of his Sister *Ariadne*, and if you find what I have told false concerning her Estate and Virtue, then go back again to drink or to play as your Humour shall then serve you. That's pretty fair (said *Polydor*) But if she be indeed Sister to *Sir Francis*, whom I am very well acquainted with, why mayn't I see her before we Marry. No more Questions of that nature, Dear Infidel, (said she) I have partly told you the extravagance of her Humour, and one Caution more I am to give you; If you discourse one Syllable of what has passed between us to her Brother; you lose her for ever. To Morrow Morning you may satisfy your Scrupulous Conscience in the other matters. Well ! — for once (said

(said he) I may chance to trust Fortune,
at least I shall take the pains to consult
my Pillow about it; which I hope she
and you will allow me to do. And all
the reason in the World! (Reply'd Mi-
randa.) By all means (said Ariadne) so
Sir, my Service to you, (continu'd she
drinking to Polydor.) This is the first
time (said Polydor) that I am like to have
the Honour of Pledging you: But for
my part, what with drinking before the
Play and since, I find my self pretty well
to pass. Besides, it grows late. Well
Consider (said Ariadne, pulling out a
Golden Watch) tis now turn'd of ten;
and I presume you may be weary of our
Company, which has so long made you
uneasy. However I would have you
part with us resolved, if possible, to see
this Lady that so Adores you, at the
time appointed. I will endeavour, (Re-
ply'd he) to perswade my self. which is
as much as you can desire. So, imme-
diately they call'd a Reckoning, which
some would needs discharge. And
then parted at the Door, Polydor walk-
ing towards his Chamber, and Ariadne

took Coach with *Miranda*, for her Brothers House, into which they got the back way as they came. Where we may leave 'em to shift themselves, for I hold it not convenient to peep into Ladies Privacies. In the meantime my Friend *Polydor* was making Reflections on what had pass'd; sometimes he was for going to meet 'em, then presently cursing himself for being such a Fool as to give ear to so improbable a Story as he then thought it. Staggering all the way home both in Mind and Body. At last he reach'd his Apartment to speak Gentle-
ly: And I think, without saying his Prayers, he went to Bed, where he fell fast asleep till next Morning, about 5 or 6. When Waking, he began afresh to recal the last Nights Adventure, and the Proposition *Ariane* made to him. Ha! (said he to himself) 'Tis very odd! Yet there is something in it looks very odd! The two Sparks very Rich and Great, especially in particular Friends who's Portraits were大力ly fand: That Watch, that Chain, and those Rings I took notice of in the morning, were marks of no ordinary

His Adm' was a la mode, Easy and
Spare; His Conversation Free and Gene-
rous: Sure he can have no Ends in this.

How Fool! (Reply'd he to him-
self) is it not very possible he has been,
and (may be) is her Gallant, who now
is fated, and would willingly turn her
on my hands, with the advantage of a
Great Belly. Yet as he said, why might
not another Man, any Rascal might have
serv'd his ends. What shall I do; I am al-
ready fallen a Stern very finely; and un-
less I meet with a good Pilot I shall run
a ground to nightes. This Lady then must
be my Pilot, I was mord before but now
I only hold at one Anchor, and that too
drags too fast. Well! I will even throw
at all. Saying so, he was just going to
leap out o' Bed; when a second and con-
trary Thought surpris'd him and threw
him again on his Pillow. What are we
going to do—Fool (cry'd he to himself)
—We all by old Acquaintance, some of 'em
Merry, Satyrical Rogues, others Damn'd,
W'ld Dogs; all of them Barking at thee
alone; Is this the Spark we have so long
mistaken for a Man of Sense! Is this he
who

who was wout to help us Laugh at all the
Sots that durst hazard their Characters
with one Woman for better for worse? And
is this Jolly Debauché at last overtaken?
Nay more, filted by a Lewd Woman, pre-
tended Heiress? Very fine i' faith!
No, no, I lo ha' none on't; I shan't
hardly give 'em the Opportunity to ease
their Spleens at my cost. — Yet — (con-
nu'd he, turning on t' other side;) My
little, new Acquaintance did urge what
he said so vehemently, and with so much
concern; that I naught believe him. —

Well — Hang't. The Die is thrown,
and it is Decreed. At these Words out
he jump'd, as resolutely as Cæsar into
the Rubicon: Makes himself as fine as
the best of three good Suits could make
him! Puts all the Guineys he cou'd then
come at in his Pockets, which I think
were just three. Then down he drops
on his Knees, lifting up his Hands and
Eyes; but where his Heart was at that
time I will not pretend to determine. Well!
— At length up he gets, and o'er o' doers
he marches very courgeously to Sir
Francis's, where he met just coming

out, one of his former mistresses who was
very intimate with your young Knight.
O Jack (said his Friend as he saw him)
you are the only Adam I cou'd wish to have
encount'r'd ! And, if you are not busy, we
must drink the Boute this Morning.
I am no Morning-drinker (said his Friend).
However, to think on you, I don't much
care if I take one Glass, provided the
Wine be good. Where will you go?
The blue Potts in the next street I think
is the nearest place where we may get
rare old Chiantis. (answered Polydore)
Now, I really believe he was in the
right on't : For, he had an excellent Pa-
tate for French Wines ; I dare tell
you : And I wou'd willingly make his Jus-
tice of him as any Man's I know. To
the blue Potts then they went. In there,
after they had taste of the old Chiantis
two Glasses, the young Knight began to
inform his Friend of his late misadventures
of his life, and of his present miseries.
He told him of his former happiness and
of his present misery and
Gaiety.

Gaiety of Humour, that Polydor began
 to be Jealous, he lov'd her himself :
 Which made 'em part the sooner by a
 Bottle or two. Polydor now long'd for
 Eleven a' Clock, being perfectly resolv'd
 for once to make a blind Bargain with
 Fortune, and wholly Committed him-
 self to her Guidance. I think, 'twas be-
 tween Nine and Ten when he shook off
 his Friend ; so he went directly to the
 Park where he expected Ariadne as ea-
 gerly as if he had Lay'd her for seven
 years together, and that the first time
 she had ever made him an Assigntion. I
 can but think what Reflections he made
 on his Friends Relation of Ariadne's
 Person. Beautiful (Sigh-hq) to a Mi-
 racle and of an Humour as extravagant-
 ly Pleas'd. Is she so, Sir, (said Polydor
 to himself as he walk'd) so much the
 more happy is your Friend and Polydor
 like to be. Little dost thou think, Dear
 Heart, (continu'd he) that I am going to
 be Marry'd with her this very Morning.
 And 'gad 'tis her fault, for if she
 will throw away her self, and her Estate
 on an Hoggish Hollow of a younger Bro-
 ther ;

ther; who can help it! The Devil take them that wou'd hinder her for me. I speak nothing but Reason, I am sore. I think it is fit she should have her Humour. Shee's like to pay for't, I believe. He told me too, shee Sung finely. That's another excellency of knightly well approve of. We may make shift to sing two parts I fancy. Let me see! what new Song have I to surprize her with! Charmante Douce, &c. Dams these French Songs! No. I'll entertain her with plain downright English. As thus (said he humming it softly to himself).

Thou' your Pride be great in your
Mind of Power, or bins I adold you to
And my Vows you hear with scorn;
Yet (Alas!) 't is but my Duty
Silently to Love and Mourn.

In hope of English, as it goes
I'll make you distinguish, chouin
Rambler, and you'll be knightly chawing
The smotryng of your grym. See
no 't I do Adore, and so it see
b'fore Then are all your Sex yo'reigh b'ys
and own't do b'ys'g built; nisg a nio
s'gell.

Poz

Pow-on't-/ (said he) I made these
 Words myself to a French Air; I don't
 know whether she'll like 'em or no. But
 she must take 'em for better or worse, as
 I take her. By this time he found him-
 self at the furth' end of the Walk; I
 mean that end toward the Mulberry
 Garden that was. There I say, he
 found himself; for he was absolutely lost
 before in the Contemplation of his Mi-
 stress's Perfections. Onward he goes
 to *Reformation's* Pond, where he no sooner
 Arriv'd but he was Surpriz'd at the sight
 of two Ladies in their Dress, Masqu'd.
 One of which, who, by the Richness
 of her Cloaths seem'd to be of the better
 Quality of the two, presented him a
 most Beautiful, Soft, White Hand;
 without saying one Word to him. He
 took it, and letting one Knee to the
 Ground, kiss'd it most religiously. I be-
 lieve you may see the print of his Lips
 there yet, if she had not us'd some art
 to get it out. Well — he look'd on it,
 and kiss'd it, and kiss'd it, and look'd
 on it again: Then gaz'd on her two Be-
 aches

Licent.

ficate, Charming; Black Eyes through
 the peep holes of her Mask. And said
 cy'd to himself a Face, if not so Beauti-
 ful altogether as Arindene's; but was
 yet such as the most excellent Painter
 cou'd not have better'd if he shou'd en-
 deavour it. The other Lady was some-
 what the Kinder of the two; for, seeing
 him stare thus silently and curiously,
 she pull'd off her Mask and ask'd him if
 he had never a Tongue to praise what he
 beheld? No, Madam, (said he) not
 you your self neither, so much, as it
 deserves; though you come so near the
 excellencies of an Angel. For, to give
 her her due; she was as beautiful as any
 of the Sex, except Arindene; for, I
 must maintain the Character of my He-
 roin, for a Reason that I know. But still,
 — I say give the Devil his due! Well.
 She was very handsome, and there's an
 end on't. Nay Polydor (said Arindene
 keeping her Mask on) we know you
 are a Courtier. But 'tis a little odd
 (methinks) that you shou'd so highly
 commend what you have not as yet
 seen. How do you know now (con-
 nued)

ned she) but this Mask covers the most ugly Face you ever saw ! O 'tis impossible, Madam, (said *Polydor* in a Rapture) 'tis impossible, I swear, with those eyes. But how can you tell (said *Ariadne* interrupting him) but the Skin on't may b: as black as the Velvet of my Mask. I b:lieve it is as soft (said he very Amorously, feeling on the Mask) But Pardon me (Madam) your Eyelids have confirm'd the contrary. I have seen, Madam (continued he) enough to compleat your Victory. Dispose, Madam, (pursu'd he all over in a transport of Love!) Dispose how you please of your Slave. I was an Infidel last Night; 'tis true, but now I will believe, nay I do believe you are the greatest Blessing Heav'n cou'd bestow on me in this Wo:ld.

Hey day ! What a hopeful and sudden change is here, (cry'd *Ariadne*) sure this is not the same *Polydor* my Cousin saw last Night. No, no Madam, (said he) not a Word of that over Cautious, Scrupulous, and Ill natur'd Fellow, I have not one doubt about me. You appear

appear to me all Glorious and Good: But we trifle, (Madam) Let us walk to the other end of the Park and take Coach for *Mary Bone*. Hold, Sir, (said she) there's a Coach waits us at this Gate; which, I presume, is as convenient, O most advantageous (said *Polydor*, leading her towards the Gate) where they quickly Arriv'd, and got into the Coach; which made all the reasonable chaff to the *Bowling Green* that could be expected. Cry your Mercy, I mean to the Church. But I had been oftner at the first, which made it come sooner into my Thoughts. Besides I had forgot *Polydor* had any Business at the last mention'd place, what-e'er he has had at the Green. By the way, (said *Ariadne* to him) have you be-thought your self of a Ring? A Ring Child? (said he) no, faith.— But by good Fortune here is one on my Finger which a *French* Mistress of mine gave me at *Paris*; and we may make shift for once with it. Nay, nay, (said she) shift now and shift always. But come, it must, and shall do. But hark you (said she) don't you fancy we go as merrily

merrily to Execution as any two Condemn'd People ever did? You may call it what you will (said he) but (methinks) 'twas a little improperly spoken. Was it ever said a Man was Condemn'd to be happy? For such I apprehend my Circumstance at the present; I don't know what you judge of your own. O (said she) doubt not, I have as good an Opinion of you as you can have of me, for the Heart of you. I see then (interrupted *Miranda*) you are both in a fair way to be perfectly happy. — You know I must make her speak something, and not let her sit like a Mute all the while; much contrary to the interest of her Sex. Well — But — now or about this time they got within sight of the Steeple, Look there *Polydor* (said *Miranda*) what do you think of turning back? Why (said he) I think of it as of the only thing I must deny you at the present. No, no — (continu'd he) I am resolv'd to enter the Enchanted Castle with thee, and try the force of his Charms. Ten to one (interrupted *Miranda*) you may find 'em too strong for you.

you at a long Run. But for my part (she purf'd) I am as Resolute as my Friend *Felen Florio*. And so (said the) Coach-Man open the Door. Then all three immediately lighted and went directly toward the Church; just before they came to the Porch, a little dapper old Fellow comes to 'em; and asks 'em, if they had any business with him this Morning. Why faith Friend (said Polydore) if you can mumble over the Matrimony, or so — We have — How? (interrupted *Araneus*) mumble it over! No don't you mistake? I mean to have it as Audibly, Distinctly, Laudably, and Plainly read, as ever I have heard part spoken on the Stage: But you are in the right oh't Polydore (continu'd she) for this Right Reverend looks as if he cou'd only mumble it. Well; Madam, (said the little Old Gentleman) I can make a shift to say *Amen* plain enough I warrant you. But Mr. — — the Minister is within — — And I believe at leisure by this time to do you that Office which he has done this Morning to four Couple more. — — But, believe me Gentlewoman, the

the finest we have seen to day. O ! We thank you, Sir, (said Polydor) But pray how long do you stay here a Days ? Stay here Sir ! (said he) we expect Company here generally from Six till Twelven. — But see, Sir, (continu'd he) the last Couple are just coming out. I have a little business with them, e'r they go. If you please to walk up to the Altar, I'll wait on you before you have done your Complements to the Minister. — O ! your Servant, good Sir; we don't doubt it (said Polydor, leading Ariadne to the Fatal place.) There Polydor immediately opens their Case, discovers their Grievances, and asks a Remedy; Promising him to reward him like a Gentleman. And now (continu'd he, addressing himself to Ariadne very Obediently and Amorously as cou'd be expected from any Man in his Circumstances) Now I hope you will discover those Perfections which yet I only adore in Ideas; so Imperfect and be call'd the true Shadows of 'em. How do you mean ? (said she.) I mean (answer'd he) This Cloud must be remov'd that I may behold the Sun. — *Adieu,*
Ariadne,

Madam, this PAGE was lost. ~~in~~ She was very unwilling to unmask, but the Minister urging the necessity of it, she was at last oblig'd to conform. Polydor at the sight of her Beauty stood like a Statue, and was all over Extasy'd with the apprehension of his future Happiness. But at length recollecting himself, he wou'd fain have knelt to kiss her Hand, but she prevented him, Charging him to forbear expressing his Sentiments of Love, or any other Passion, till the Ceremony was over, and they in a more convenient place: It lasted not long in the performance, but the Effects I think remains this day.

After the last Amen, having before gi'v'n the Parson a Guinney, and the Clerk and Sexton another, out of which they were to distribute half a Piece to the Poor, (for he was a mighty kind-hearted Soul as he'd; to my knowledge) After all this I say, and 'tis true, they took Coach, and drove back to Locker, where, by the desire of Ariadne, Polydor bespake two or three pretty Seasonable Dishes of Meat: And so we dined all hast to say all the

the most charming and tender things his
Soul was capable of receiving.

Having drawn him to her Feet,
Embracing her Knees, holding her Hands
by force, and almost wept, with Joy.
Then he suddenly up he stands, and like
a cruel Tyrant in Lyc, falls aboard her
desirous pow'ring Lips, and Lovely Rising
Breasts, wishing so much as giving her
the opportunity to chide him. Hold —
Hold Polydor (said she at last) I must
make Articles with you. Hear you I charge
you. For this day is all mine, that is to be the
last I must command in. — O ! say not
so my Soul (said he almost out of Breath)
Thou shalt ever command me. — Ob-
serve them (said Ariadne) — If you will
fit quickly by me, and once in a quarter of
an Hour kiss me ; I will now force my
self this first time to kiss a Man. — Ah
(said Polydor looking on her very am-
azingly) she wot her Condition he somewhat
bad ; yet for the blessing of a Risi-
ngon me hardly by you ; I will forbear
as much as I can. Blood me, and seal
me them (said she) and look on me
now more. — I thank you of your command
and

Polydor) I shall lose the satisfaction of encountering your Eyes then ; which is above half the pleasure of your Obligation ; tho I cou'd easily be perswaded to look that way, were not *Ariadne* here. Well then (said she smiling and blushing at the same time) I'le shut my Eyes. O that's cruel (cry'd *Miranda*:) No, no, fair play ought to be, Cousin : Come Advance, and do't as you shou'd ! Can you Instruct me then ? (said *Ariadne*.) No matter, Madam, (interrupted *Polydor*) Let Love instruct you.

Well ! *Have at you then* (cry'd she throwing her Arms about his Neck, and shedding Tears which I ought to have call'd Pearls, according to the Layable custom of other Writers : But these were only Briny Tears, nothing else in the World ; which she meekly distill'd from her Brain through excess of Joy, I presume:) Now my dear *Polydor* (said she giving him a Thousand Kisses) *Are you now convinc'd Ariadne loves you ?* I am so well convinc'd, and so extreamly sensible of my happiness, (said he) that I wou'd not change circumstances with the happy and

D

Amarous

Amorous Mark Anthony, were he now living with his Cleopatra. O (said she, retreating a little) I must take care you do not surfeit on't. Too much will cloy you. Ah! how Cruel are you now (said Polydor, pursuing her) can you imagin I shou'd surfeit before I have tasted! How! Before you have tasted! (replied Ariadne) Why, I believe by this time you are able to distinguish the touch of my Lips, from any Ladies in Town, though in the dark, or hoodwink'd; you have already been so familiar with 'em. Alas Madam, (said he) this is but like a Walk and a Glass of Rhenish before Dinner to whet a Mans appetite. Or wou'd you have me be satisfy'd only with the smell of a Dish of Meat that I Love? No, Madam (continu'd he) Consummation is the substantial part of our business. That is yet behind. I don't know what you mean by Consummation (cry'd she) But (methinks) I have already done you all the right in the World. — But (continu'd she looking toward the Door) I am oblig'd to the Waiters who have just brought up Dinner, to prevent any farther descent on so unplea-

pleasant a Subject. Come (purſu'd ſhe very eagerly) Let us ſit, I am hungry. Ay faith and ſo am I too (ſaid Polydor) and yet though Grace is ſaid and the meat ready, you won't ſo much as bring it to the Table, that I may fall on. No more Nonsense (interrupted Ariadne.) 'Tis here already, and you may eat if you please. Come! Let us ſit Cousin (continu'd ſhe looking on Miranda) The Gentleman (perhaps) has no Stomach yet. Gadbut he has, and a ſwinging one too (ſaid Polydor;) and that you ſhall find Dear heart, e'r long.

With that he ſate him down at the left hand of Ariadne, and eat like a Souldier in a Siege: But drank little. Much good d'it you Don, (ſaid Ariadne) you are welcome to our English Flesh; I fear you have but little on't i' your Country: For, to ſay truth, and ſpeak plain English, you feed like a Farmer. I thank you, (Madam ſaid he, with his Mouth full, and looking another way) ſo me-thinks. But (continu'd he, pulling of his Peruke) you ſhall have better proofs of my eating e'r I ha' done yet. Hold!

Good Sir ! (cry'd Miranda) pray keep on your Perurke, or I fear we must bespeak another Dish. You may bespeak a dozen more if you please Madam, (said he) but I'm afraid you are like to find none of the effects of my eating. No, nor any body else but your self I fancy (said Ariadne.) That's as time shall try, sweet heart, (said Polydor) But — you may chance to Groan for it.

Ariadne cou'd not chuse but Laugh down right to hear him talk and see him eat so heartily. And I believe she was well enough pleased with his Stomach ; for some reason that shall be kept secret at this time.

But pray Sir (said she Laughing) Do you always eat thus ? Always Honey ! (replied Polydor) Ay : I think I do Child. What then ? Why, nothing, (said she) but only I think it most convenient we shou'd go live in Wales, or in some other County, where Meat is cheaper than it is here, or you'l eat us out of House and Home.

— Nay gad (said he, looking a little surly) you need not grudge me my Victuals, for you are like to reap the benefit on't. I thank you Sir (replyed Ariadne) But I don't

don't care for't at second hand. Lord! (cry'd Polydor lifting up his Hands and Eyes) what a delicate reasonable Wife have I got! I warrant (continu'd he looking pleasantly on Ariadne) you could be satisfy'd barely with Kissing, Eating, and Drinking with me. Nay, I can't tell that, (said she) But I see you are providing against the worst. No, no, Dear Heart (cry'd Polydor, transported with Joy) for the best, for the best Ariadne! Nay, (said she) I know ne'r another of the Name besides my self, and if all these pains be taken, for me, I am much oblig'd to you: for (methinks) you sweat at it! I shall before we ha' done (said he) no doubt. Thus did they eat and talk till they were weary of both. The Cloth was taken away, and the Glass went round merrily as long as one Bottle lasted. Then fell Polydor to kissing again: Till he made both himself and his Lady mad: And I'm afraid he did not a little disoblige Miranda; who was fain to go humming about the Room to divert the Thoughts that sometimes did assault her.

Well now (cry'd Ariadne) I swear,
I can endure no longer! Pray sit farther,
and let us parley a little. — You
may remember (continued he) you
gave me a Ring to day. Ay (said he,)
I fancy I did, what of that? Only I
mean to return your kindness (said she)
pulling of a Rich Diamond-Ring of her
finger) pray wear this for my sake,

And now (continued she) I must beg
you would Entertain your self with the
Bottle till our Return; for my Cousin and
I must be private for a Minute or two:
And that you may not altogether be
Drinking, pray take the pains to tell
over this Gold, (said she throwing a
Purse full on the Table) There should
be a Hundred peices: See (Sir,) Your
Servant for a time.

Nay, nay, said Polydor, I like the
Employment pretty well, since I must be
rob'd of thy dear Company so long as
these two Minutes. Good Sir, (said
Miranda) don't be Jealous, I'll be
your Argus. If I thought my Ariadne
needed Watching, replied he, I would
e'en leave her to the wide World; And
her

her own Roving humour. This he spoke:—
Kissing her, she dropt him a Cursey,
and out she went with *Miranda*.

He presently fell to telling the Broad-peices, which he found exact y an Hundred in Number: He put them up very carefully, and laid them again on the Table: And took a March three or four times about the Room. At last he be-thought himself, and takes to the Bot-tle. *Well honest Polydor*, said he, *her's to thee: Thy dear Ariadnes good health.* *But I gad methinks she stays sweetly.* He drank off his glass, and expected almost a quarter of an hour longer with indif-ferent Patience. But seeing no *Ariad-ne* come yet, he called up a Waiter, and asked him, where the two Ladies were, that went down about half an hour ago? *They took Coach Sir*, said the Waiter, *assoon as they left you: Why 'tis Impossible.* *Thou art Drunk sure!* Saying so: He took up the Gold in all hast, and ran down to the Bar to be more fully satisfied of his Misfortune; which he was too soon. He ran up into the Room again, like a man di-
stracted

stracted, where he shut the Door to himself, and fell a railing at all Women kind, *What!* fitterd thus, said he, 'tis very devilish: *What a dam'd Set was I to let her go!* But rather what an *Eternal Coxcomb to Marry such a Filt!* This is no more Ariadne, I warrant, than I am Ariadne. 'Tis impossible a Person of her *Quality* and *Education* should be guilty of so lewd an *Action*! *Where the Devil shovld she go!* Or what *Business* had she, but with me! I find I am meerly drawn into a *Prison*: *Ay, ay, shee's in Debt, i'le lay my Life on it, and I must suffer the weight of all the Actions that are laid against her.*

— So, *hey for a Prison!* But may she not happily be gone to her Brothers? Then shall I look on my self as a rash, jealous Fop. Well (continued he) I am resolved i'le see. Immediately upon this thought, he flies down Stairs, calls for a Bill, but he was answered, 'twas all paid. *Paid, Ha!* marry (said he to himself) I like the *Matter the better for this.* *Come, come!* *Chear up my Heart!* All may be well yet. He call'd presently for a Coach, and on he

he drives to Sir *Francis's*: but just as he came near the House, his Courage fail'd him, and he was set down within five or six doors of it. He stood still sometime considering what he shou'd do, whether it were Convenient to go directly thither and ask for her, or to pretend a Visit to her Brother, and so learn in discourse, what was become of *Ariadne*. But at last, he berthought himself of a better Expedient: He knocked at the door, and asked if his Friend were there, with whom he drank in the Morning. The Footman that opened the door to'd him, he was just risen from Dinner with Sir *Francis*: Prithee, then tell him (said *Polydor*) I would speak with him here. The Footman did so, and presently led him to *Polydor*. O my dear Friend (said *Polydor* with a great deal of Concern) I must needs drink another Bottle with you this Minute; you shall not deny me: I am so very Melancholly and out of humour, that you will be very unkind if you do. Well (said he) I'le but just make my baise les mains to Sir *Francis*, and stay one half hour with

You: He just went in and return'd to his perplex'd Friend. They went to the same House again, where they drank their Mornings Draught together: And Polydor began his Circumlocutions before he came to the business. Dear Friend (said he) how happy am I to meet thee again at a time when I stood in most need of thy Company: I have met with an untoward Accident since I left thee; which has so disturb'd me I cannot yet Compose my self. But come! (continu'd he) Help me to divert the thoughts on't. Let's drink and talk of things indifferent! When saw you the Beautiful Ariadne whom you so lowdly commended in the Morning? Not since last Night (answered his Friend) she went out o' Town this Morning before seven a' Clock as far as St Albans, to a Cousin of hers who is taken desperately ill; one whom she loves most dearly. Sir Francis went with her himself as far as High-Gate: She had an Hackney-Carriage and four Horses that waited on her thither empty, till she left her Brother. Ha! (said Polydor) that she go often out of Town, has she such

such frequent Excursions, She's hardly at Home (reply'd his Friend) three days in a Week together. A pretty sort of a Lady (cry'd Polydor :) Is it a he Cousin, or a she Cousin, she's gone to Visit ? A very pretty Lady 'tis ile assure you (said he.) Why dost not thou strike in with this same Ariadne, or with some of her fine Cousins ? (said Polydor.) O she's too great for me ! Besides she has been engaged to a Person of very considerable Quality above these three Months.

O Cursed Jealousie ! A hopeful Spark, and a kind Friend indeed was this same Marwood to Polydor ! Now she was no more Engaged than her Monkey. Only he loved her himself, and spoke this least his Friend should have any thoughts of attempting her. And indeed he said enough to make Polydor mad, and to confirm him in the opinion that he had Married a Cheat instead of an Heiress. However, he forced himself to look and talk as pleasantly as was possible for a Man in his Condition : till at last the Bottle being out, Marwood was in hast to be

one to his beloved Knight, which made both part very easily with one another. Polydor for his part walk'd very disconsolately into the Park, to the fatal place where he first saw the false fair One, as he was pleased to call her in his Dumps. The first thing he reflected on was the Pond. *Humb!* (said he) *Rosamond's Pond!* What a dull Beast was I not to apprehend the ill Omen, in the very Name of the place where we first met : that ever I should hope to find an honest Woman at a place that took its Name from a lewd Strumper ! Very fine, faith ! As if it were impossible to encounter a good Woman there because of the Name it had ! When I dare say, I have seen above twenty Citizens Wives and Daughters at that very place ; Nay, if I should say forty, I should not Ly. And whether they could be light or dishonest, I leave all the Town to determine. Nay, more, I my self have walked thither with a Shekindred of my own, of about 7 or 8 years Old, but I must confess, I cannot swear she was a Maid, yet it is not improbable but she might be

be a very good one. But now to our Hero, who all this while has been Curseing the Pond, and Comparing himself to a decoy'd Duck. Heavens! (continued he) was not the sight of those sufficient Caution to thee, to prevent thy Rain! Then bending his thoughts another way. (he pursued) I am glad I did not Bed her: I'll sue her to a divorce now, and swear point blanck she stole me. — (Did not he talk like a Madman now!) But he soon recollect'd his stragling Senses, and (cry'd) Fool that I am! was ever such a thing heard of! O! Death and the Devil (continued he) Whoever She be, She is Beautiful enough to tempt any man to make me a Monster! A Cuckold! Which (perhaps) is just now in Agitation. — O! Justice! Justice! How many of my own intimate acquaintance have served so! Not to name Strangers and Forreigners. — Well! I am at last overtaken, and now I pay for all! For all of them put together could never have made half such a Beauty as my false Ariadne! My filting Ariadne, my Devil, Damn'd impostour Ariadne!

riadne ! Yet one Comfort is (continued he looking on the Diamond Ring she gave him) . *My Cheat is a Cheat of Quality* : for I am sure this Stone is Right, and the Gold is good old Gold ! Marwood said Shee's gone to St. Albans ; why let her go to the Devil ! who would ride twenty Miles to see himself made a Cuckold ! Ah but (continued he) That is the true Ariadne. *VVell !* —— True or false, I'll write to her. But first I'll go Play off ten or twenty pieces that I may write more easily.

In this Resolution he went to look for Company , at most of the Gaming Houses in Town ; and at last he met two or three of his Acquaintance at Banisters in the City , where he fell to Play ; And fortune, as if she designed to make him amends for the trick she plaid him so lately ; threw every Dy to his advantage, so that in two Hours time, he had won above forty Guinneys : So wee'll leave him, to find what's become of our two Ladys Errant. They were by this time gotten almost as far as St. Albans : for 'twas true, that her Brother

Brother left her at *Highgate* in the Morning ; but he was no sooner out of sight, but she turned and made for *St. James's*, but as soon as she came into Town, she bid the Coachman take out two of the Horses, and so went to meet her *Polydor*.

Now, her Cousin was in as good health as I am at this present writing praised — for the same (as my Mothers Maid, I remember used to begin her Letters, when I writ them for her, about twenty years ago.) But it was a trick of *Art* adnes to cover her real design of Marrying that very Morning, who had counterfeited a Letter as from her Cousin, whose hand she knew perfectly well, and shew'd it to her Brother. But (perchance) you will ask me why she did not take her own Coach and Horses to perform that Journey ? for certainly that was easier, and looked greater ! But did ever I tell you she kept a Coach ? yes, now you shall know she did. However, she foresaw the inconvenience if she had met *Polydor* in her own Coach ; and besides her Servants

wants would have been witnesses of what she intended to conceal, had she returned to Town with them about her. And again, I believe she was willing to spare her own Horses. Now are you satisfied?

As they were within two Miles of their Journeys End (said Miranda to her fair Cousin) For Heavens sake what is in your mind, that you leave your Husband the very first day of your Marriage? I should not have wondered had you left him after the Honey-moon; I mean if you had fairly taken your leave of him for a week or so: But this (me-thinks) is a little inhumane. Alas! How dull thou art my Dear! (repli'd Ariadne) I design to try his Patience and his Constancy; and all the World shall not dissuade me from treating him much more severely yet, for some days: I Married him too soon, to be acquainted with all his Humours; but I am resolved, I will know most of 'em, ere we come closer together. And I think it is but a just Punishment for his easiness, in so soon believing a Stranger, in a matter of great

great Importance. I like his Address and Discourse well enough; nay so well, that I was obliged to make the more haste from him, lest he should have made me repent of my purpose.

Nay, (said Miranda) I very well know the pretty innocent extravagances of your humour, and am sensible, you are not to be prevailed on to forbear them, especially when they carry with them any shew of Reason. But (continued she) how long my Dear dost thou intend to torment him? Why — This day Sennight (reply'd Ariadne) I mean to give him my self, and all that I have for Ever, and Ever, and Amen. Well be sure you do (said Miranda) Or I'll be certain to discover all to him the very next day following. I give you leave (cry'd she) but not a word on it before, if thou hast any kindness for me. Re-confidant (said her Cousin) I will be silent. Nay, 'tis your best way let me tell you (repli'd Ariadne) for fear I should be revenged on you, and let Maxwood know how passionately you love him. You won't be so inhuman I hope (interrupted Miranda) do you think I shall

ever be able to see any of our acquaintance again if you do? Never disturb your self (said Ariadne) I only shew you how easily, and bravely I could be Revenged on you, if you begin first.

By this time they found themselves at the Ladys House they went to Visit, they presently alighted and went in; where they were received with all imaginable Kindness and Respect, and the more because their Coming was unexpected, and the obligation pleasantly surprising. Here I must take my leave of them, and look a little back for my friend Polydor: who that Night came off a Winner by threescore Guinneys, pretty well laden with Wine too, which made him sleep that Night the more soundly, (perhaps) without ever so much as dreaming on his Bride; for Wine let me tell you, is a Sovereign Remedy against Love, especially if the infection be but newly received: Besides, he was a Man of a strong Resolution, and could swagger it out most Modishly: yet when he gave his mind to it, could Love like a Sparrow, and

and as Constantly as any Turtle. In the Morning he waked between 7 and 8, for you must know it was past One ere he got into Bed : and he usually slept six hours upon a Tack, and that che fly when he had been Drinking over Night. The first thing he did was to examine his Pockets, which he found pretty weighty on one side, and on the other all his old Gold intire in the Purse. His hands indeed were dirty, and he had all the other signs of a Bacchanalian, but an empty Pocket. He was generally very pleasant, and witty after a Debauch; for he was always sure to drink the best Wines. Well ! He lay till Eight reflecting on his Good and Evil Fortune, at length, after he had stretched and wished for his *Ariadne*; false or true, she would then have serv'd turn : After that (I say) he turns out and dresses. When he had done that, and his Devotions, he sat him down, and writ as follows.

To Ariadne.

Madam,

I Had the good Fortune yesterday to be
 in a place where I presume you dropt
 a Purse of Gold and a Diamond-Ring,
 which I am come to restore, and only beg,
 you wou'd permit me the honour of kissing
 your hand: I fear, I am utterly a stran-
 ger to you, yet I beseech you (Madam)
 Refuse not this Obligation to

Your Ladyships most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

Beaufort.

When he had Written it, he knew not
 where to direct it: And was in a Thou-
 sand Perplexities about it, but in the end
 he took heart of Grace, and resolv'd on
 a Visit

a Visit to Sir Francis Heartwell, with whom, 'twas ten to one, but he found Marwoud. He took Coach then immediately, and came soon enough to his Brother in Law's House to take him at home; and to his greater satisfaction there was Marwoud too: Tho he did not in the least contribute to his Information of the place of Ariadne's Retreat, as it happen'd. For, after the first Complements were over, Sir Francis sat him down to make an end of a Letter, which he was then dispatching to his Sister, to enquire of his Cousin's Health, or if there were any need of his Presence? As soon as he had fini h'd it, he desir'd Marwoud to fold it up, Seal it and Write the Superscription? For (said he) I have not seen Polydor so long, that I am unwilling to lose one Minute of his Conversation. You! must direct it (continu'd he) To my Sister, at my Lady Courtin's, two Miles wide of St. Alban's. Polydor, overjoy'd at such a Blessed Opportunity of seeing the true Ariadne with a Letter from her Brother. Immediately offer'd his Service to present it to her; Adding,

It con'd be no trouble to him, because he had oblig'd himself to be at St. Albans by two a' Clock at farthest. Sir Francis tol'd him, by no means he wou'd be guilty of such a Rudeness ; and that he had already commanded one of his Servants to deliver it, and to bring him an account of his Cousin's Health, the next day as soon as possible. Polydor urg'd on the other side, that he must of necessity return himself too, the next day, before Dinner, to meet Company at Banisters. However, Sir, (said the over Courteous Knight) I can by no means permit it. Polydor was then just going to tell him that he had business with her, and discover the Ring and the Gold to them, and how he came by 'em ; but that he consider'd, if they shou'd not prove Sir Francis's Sisters, they wou'd but Laugh at him for his Credulity ; or, if they were really hers ; she on the other side might be displeased at the discovery.

But after all, he determin'd with himself to set out with the Knight's Servant, and to his greater Comfort, he understand'd the Footman was not to begin his Journey

Journey till after Dinner : For he was to carry some things with him from the Change, which cou'd not be ready till about one. *Polydor* therefore had time enough to provide him of a good Horse ; which he did as soon as he parted from *Sir Francis and Marwoud*.

After he was fix'd with every thing for his Journey, he betook him to a little Alehouse almost over against the Knights House, whence as soon as he saw the Footman come ; he mounted and follow'd him at a convenient distance. 'Tis true, he let him ride a good way before him till they got clear off the Stones ; but about a Mile out o' Town, he overtook him. *O Friend* (said *Polydor*) well overtaken ! Your Servant (said the Footman) I'm very glad that I shall have the honour to wait on you most part of your Journey. I thank thee (reply'd *Polydor*.) — But — What ! (continu'd he) Is it your young *Lady*, *Madam* — A — Ariadne that is sick ? No Sir, (answ'red the Servant) 'Tis a Cousin of hers. Nay (said *Polydor*) I only ask'd that Question, because *Mr. Marwoud* gave me

this

this Letter just as I left your Master and him, and I think he talk'd of something there was of advice in it : Saying so, he gave him his own Letter to Ariadne. Is this for my Lady Sir (said the Footman.) Yes, (answer'd Polydor) for your Masters Sister. I'le take care to deliver it, Sir (said the Footman.) Prithe do ! (reply'd Polydor) There is an answer required, and pray let me have it ; for, I have engag'd my self to bring him whatever she is pleas'd to send him. I Prophecy (said the Servant) What her answer will be : For I am shre this is a Love-Letter. Nay, may be so (cry'd Polydor.) However (continu'd the Footman) I'le deliver it very faithfully to her, for I have a great respect for my honest Master Marwoud. I'me shre. (added he) I have had many a Half-Crown of him, nay, many a Crown, I may say ; since I have known him. O (cry'd Polydor) if thou had'st not spoke on't, I fear, my Memory is so Treacherous, I shou'd ha' done thee wrong. Here (continu'd he pulling Money out of his Pocket) Here's a Guinny for shee which ha' sent thee. I thank you Sir, (said

(said the Footman receiving it) But he
is always too bumptifal; I wou'd ha' serv'd
him ten times worse without a quarrel of
this. No doubt of that (said Polydor)
But prithee (continu'd he) whos master
dost thou think she'll send him? Alas Sir
(reply'd the Footman) a very cold or
scornful one, I fear. Then she does not
Love him? (said Polydor) O, no Sir; I
believe (said the Footman) she wou'd not
endure to see him, were it not in Complain-
tance to Sir Francis. How so! (cry'd
Polydor) he is a handsome Man. Ah, Sir?
(answer'd the Footman) As long as she
does not think him so; what advantage is
his handsomness to him; in that case?
Th'art in the right (said Polydor) But
—How long has he lov'd her? Above
these 2 Years (reply'd the Servant) They
had a great deal more discourse concer-
ning Ariadne's Scorn, and Marmora's
Love, which Entertain'd 'em till they
came within two Miles of the House
where the Footman was to go. Now
(Friend, (said Polydor) since as thou
say'st, we are so near the Lady's house —
show me some little blind Ale-house or hedge

Tavern as nigh it as may be: Then I may expect an answer of Marwood's Letter, by the soonest as possible. I will Sir, (said the Footman.)

So they Rode on a Mile farther, and the Footman Lodg'd him at a little thatched House, where they sold good Nappy Ale. There Polydor treated himself and his Horse, which drank like as freely as his Rider did Claret. Polydor was cursing Marwood heartily, though as yet he was not certain whether it was his Ariadne or no. In the mean time the Footman came to his Post, and delivered his Letters.

Ariadne not knowing Polydor's hand, and being very curious to see what was in his Letter, opened it first: and looking then on the Name, she was much more surprised by reading it; she began to guess who 'twas. What manner of man (said she to the Footman) could be who wrote you this? A very fine man, some Gentleman or Adams, (replied the Footman) something with the Name of Marwood, I am pretty strongly of it, a dark brown Gentleman, and a

Eye, with a few marks of the small Pox
in his Face. By this Description she
knew it must be Polydor. Well (said
the smiling, which she could not for-
bear) don't set up your Horse yet, you
must go fetch the Gentleman in her. With
that she goes immediately to the young
Lady her Cousin, to whom she had al-
ready related her adventure with Po-
lydor, and desires her Assurance in
tormenting him a little. (Said she)
I must get you to Personate me. Here
is the Letter he sent me. But you must
tell him, you know nothing of a Ring or
of Gold: these and a few more instruc-
tions made the young Lady Dorothaea
(for so she was call'd) very perfec-
tive in her part. Ariadne and Ariane were
so impudent of sight.

When they had agreed upon all cir-
cumstances to deceive him, Ariane
from the Foundation of tell Polydor
his Lady Ariadne, desired to see him
and charged him, not to describe any
Person to him, but to bring him gene-
rally to Dorothaea.

This honest Fellow obliged her very

exactly, and brought Polydor to Dorothaea, who by this time really thought herself to be Ariadne. Polydor at the sight of her, was so confounded and grieved to find it was not his Ariadne, that he was ready to sink down. Dorothaea seeing him in that rufus Posture began first. Sir (said she) I suppose this is your Letter to me. It is (Madam) reply'd Polydor, fetching a deep sigh but I find my Errour, you are not the Lady Madam. Indeed I am not Sir, (answered Dorothaea.) No ! (Madam Interrupted Polydor, with a pittious Groan) To my Eternal shame, Sorrow and Confusion, you are not my Ariadne.. Pardon me, I beseech you Madam ! and to shew you that this is not merely a Pretence, see here the Ring, and the Purse of Gold, which I wrote of to your Ladyship. I once more beg you would forgive this Rudeness, and forget Beaufort. I am your most Obedient Servant Madam, Continued he bowing and went out.

The Compassionate pretty Lady was so concerned for him, that she was once or twice going to call him back

to discover the fallacy to Him? But knowing Ariadne's humour she durst not, for fear of disobliging her. However she went to her, with resolution to chide her severely, for so ill treating so handsome a Gentleman (as she call'd him) and one who She durst engage loved her most passionately. So much the better (said Ariadne) I am glad to hear it. But ere it be too late (continued she) I must dispatch this Fellow that came with him to observe where he takes up his Quarters, for you have not performed half your part with him yet. O Heavens! (cry'd Dorothea almost ready to weep) I am resolved I'll not torture the poor wretch any more. Let Miranda do't an She will!

— So I promise you, She should (reply'd Ariadne) if it were convenient, but She knows her too well. And in short (continued she) you are the furest Person alive. My Dear (purfud she, sweetning the tone of her Voice, and kissing her Cheek) you must oblige me. Nay (said Dorothea) since my Ariadne says there is a Necessity for it, I shall obey. Well (said Ariadne) I thank thee

My Dear, I'll instruct thee presently,
 as soon as I have sent this Footman after
 him. Which she did immediately, and
 returned to her fair Scholar, and her
 Dear Miranda. Now (said she to the
 first) You must know I will write a most
 passionate Love-Letter to him, as if I had
 fall'n in Love with him at first sight,
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 to this, lest in pretending it, I should
 really Love him — O! No, (reply'd
 Ariadne) think on me, and you are secure
 enough. Yet I vow to you (interrupted
 Miranda) 'tis very hard to Counterfeit
 love to a Man of his Address and Person.
 Very fine (cry'd Ariadne) I see I have
 two dangerous Rivals of you. Yet this
 must be done. Be satisfied! (said Do-
 rothea) It shall, It shall. Thus as they
 had been discoursing, and plotting a-
 gainst poor wretched Polydor, for about
 an hours space; The Footman returned
 and

and gave them an Account soious as my betaken himself to the litturtes of the House where he left him, at Ay (pursu'd how long he would continue there, he could not positively say.

Ariadne upon this wrote a Letter immedately, as she had before design'd, and obliged the Compassionage Doctor to Act out her party, while Poley did lay Raving on a Flock-Bed in the little Ale-House, not at all regarding or fearing the Vermin that might assault him. Now if I had been he, I would rather have sat down and drank with my Horse, than have ventured my Boots in so suspicioius a Place. For all my delight is in clean Linnen, (as the VVench said when she washed her dish-Clout.) But he not at all Curious, Sollicitous, Anxious or uneasy for his Apartment; began a large and bitter Satyr against VVomen; and concluded with no great Encomium of his own Discretion. — Ab (said he) was ever man so Cradulans, so easily deluded; by a little Leard jilting Serpent! O Beast! and which is worse, O Cuckold! (continued he, scratching

my Dear, I'll instruct thee presently, as soon as I have sent this Footman after him. Which she did immediately, and returned to her fair Scholar, and her Dear Miranda. Now (said she to the first) You must know I will write a most passionate Love-Letter to him, as if I had fall'n in Love with him at first sight, and invite him hither, where you are to second what I shall write, and pretend you are deeply in Love with him. O fy! (interrupted Dorothea) I profess you impose a very difficult task on me; and to say truth, I am the rather more averse to this, left in pretending it, I should really Love him — O! No, (reply'd Ariadne) think on me, and you are secure enough. Yet I vow to you (interrupted Miranda) 'tis very hard to Counterfeite love to a Man of his Address and Person. Very fine (cry'd Ariadne) I see I have two dangerous Rivals of you. Yet this must be done. Be satisfied! (said Dorothea) It shall, It shall. Thus as they had been discoursing, and plotting against poor wretched Polydore, for about an hours space; The Footman returned and

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so easily deluded; by a little Lizard, isteing
Serpent ! O Beast ! and which is blonst;
O Cuckold ! (continued he, scratching

re it did not itch.) Now had
 enchify'd, and had it been
 .e, or Fall of the Leaf, it were
 not Ridiculous to suppose he might
 have Entertained his fingers ends with
 a budding Maid or two; But I dare
 assure you, he was as sound as a Roach,
 and besides it was Summer. Yet tho'
 he was thus tender of his Honour, he
 could not but admire and commend to
 himself his *Ariadnes* Beauty and Hu-
 mour. O! (cry'd he aloud) were not
 this Creature false, (for did you mark
 that's generally the first word your Je-
 lious or forsaken Lovers call one another)
 had she not been false, (repeated he)
 she were worth a Thousand such *Ari-
 adnes* as I saw last, yet I must own by
 the little notice I took of her, she was
 extreamly Beautiful too! — But (con-
 tinued he all in a rage) my Devil is so
 Charming, that if she were already re-
 ally a Devil, (as in time no doubt She
 may) she would invite a Saint to her
 Embraces. Well! I am a Cuckold!
 and I'll go herd in the City, my Horns
 will not be perceived there: at least
 they

' they may not be so notorious as my
 ' Elder Brothers the Deputies of the
 ' Ward where I fix. Ay, Ay (pursu'd
 ' he) and I'll throw off my Sword, and
 ' turn as great a Cheat as any Tradesman
 ' of them all ! As great a Rebel, and as
 ' great an Hypocrite as any Puritan
 ' Villain among them, nay more (ad-
 ' dcd he fiercely) I cou'd almost find
 ' in my heart to write Pamphlets a
 ' gainst the D. and call the Kings
 ' late most Gracious Declaration a Libel.
 ' But hold, said he coming a little to
 ' himself, It must not go there. No,
 ' let her be damn'd by her self, I will
 ' not perswade my self to these Imp-
 ' ties lest I keep her Company. Ah,
 ' Polydor! continued he ; what will thy
 ' Mother, thy Brother, thy Sisters, and all
 ' thy Relations say to this, will they not
 ' scorn thee? will they not point at thee,
 ' and shun thee? For there is nothing
 ' in the World so contemptible to each
 ' other, as Relations, when any one of
 ' them Miscarries. Nay, and it carries
 ' with it some shew of Reason. 'Tis a
 ' disgrace to the whole Family ! What

* says one, Marry a Vvhore ! A Jilt ! O
 * Devil ! — Why I shall become a
 * Town-talk ! Be fang about the Streets
 * in a Ballad to the tune of *Fortune my*
 * *Foe.* Married ! says another, with a
 * Plague, what need he have Married !
 * He always seemed averse to it. — But
 * I beg your pardon Sir, purſu'd he , If
 * this Woman had been really what she
 * pretended, I would not have been un-
 * married for an Empire. — But shees
 * False ! and I am Lost, Ruin'd, and E-
 * ternally miserable.

If all this shou'd be true now that he
 says, there is no body but would pity
 him. But Well ! He said no more for
 the present : only he hurried up and
 down about the Room most Violently ;
 as I have seen a Mouse looking for a hole
 to escape at. In this motion *Ariadne's*
 Messenger found him, and delivered his
 Lady's Letter to him, which held these
 words.

S I R,

SIR,

Though you mistook, when you thought
you had found a Ring and Gold that
belonged to me; yet I am not mistaken
in accusing you, as the Man that has
stol'n my Heart and Rob'd me of my
Quiet: which unless you immediately
restore with your Presence, I am re-
solved to haunt you, as long as I am.

Ariadne.

Hey day, (cry'd Polydor with a
scornful Smile) 'What's here! more
'sport for Fortune! Her Ladyship (me-
'thinks) is merrily disposed at presen-
'Pray honest Friend and fellow Tra-
'vellor (said he to the Footman) what
'does your Lady mean by this? Alas
'(Sir reply'd the Footman) I thought
'that Paper had fully discover'd her In-
'tentions to you: I am only to entreat
'you would please to let me wait on
'you to her Immediately. Humh!
'Immediately! (cry'd Polydor to him-
self)

self) Her Ladyship's mighty warm on
 the suddain! But I' gad, she's mista-
 ken her Man, as it happens. The curse
 on't is, nothing will go down with me
 now, but that same other falle *Ariad-*
ne. However I shall oblige her so far
 for her Brothers sake, for Civility's
 sake, and for our Families sake, who
 never refus'd a Visit to a pretty Lady.
 There may (perhaps) too, be more
 Gold, or more Rings coming: but I
 fear, I shan't deserve 'em. Poor La-
 dy! I'm sorry for her. I am an Elder
 Brother in my humour, and cannot
 drudge for a Livelyhood. Well! Come
 Friend (continued he, turning to the
 Footman) I'le go with you, so on they
 walk'd to the Lady, where I'le leave
 'em a while.

His Guide soon Conducted him to
 the Counterfeit *Ariadne*, who expected
 him in her Closet, as soon as she saw
 him, she was in such disorder, and her
 thoughts were so confus'd, that she cou'd
 not say one word to him. She blush'd
 and cast down her Eyes, as if she had
 really been Guilty of loving him.

lydor

Tyder took notice of it; And began,
 shewing her the Billet she sent him. "If
 this Paper (Madam) has discover'd more
 than you will own, be pleased to con-
 demn it to the Flames, and Sacrifice
 it to your Indignation. I must confess
 (continu'd he) 'tis that has occasion'd
 you the trouble of a second Visit —
 By this time she had pretty well recov-
 er'd her self, and answer'd him. " 'Tis
 true Sir, that Paper has caus'd the
 Confusion, which (perhaps) you might
 observe I was in at the sight of
 you. But if it had not done me the
 good Office of discovering my dearest
 thoughts to you; believe me, I shou'd
 have had no little difficulty to perswade
 my self to it. And (continu'd she) I
 must needs Justify what you have read
 there. But I must Chide you, (pur-
 su'd she with an obliging smile) I
 must Chide you Beaufort for calling
 that a Trouble, which is the greatest
 Obligation you could have done me
 at present. Pray sit. (said she taking
 him by the hand) they both sat down,
 Polydor fixing his Eyes on hers, as if
 he

he seem'd to ask them what she would
 be at? ' You expect (perhaps said Do-
 ' rothea) that I should make an Apolo-
 ' gy for my Modesty, which probably
 ' you may think I have violated, in
 ' treating thus familiarly with a Stran-
 ' ger. But I shall only say, you are
 ' very unkind if you do, since you were
 ' the cause of it your self. And give
 ' me leave to add, 'twas Love, 'twas
 ' Almighty Love that forc'd me to this
 ' Extravagance. Besides (pursu'd she)
 ' I did not know how sooh you would
 ' leave us and the Country: nor could
 ' I tell where to have enquired of you.
 ' Madam (reply'd Polydor) I confess, it
 ' had not been very easy to have met
 ' with me by that name. And I beseech
 ' you pardon me (continued he) and I
 ' will undeceive you. He paus'd, but
 ' seeing she expected he should proceed.
 ' My name (pursu'd he) is Polydor; I
 ' am not altogether unknown to your
 ' Brother Sir Francis. Why then (in-
 ' terrupted Dorothea) did you borrow
 ' an other name. Because Madam (re-
 ' ply'd he) I would have been wholly
 ' dif-

' disguis'd to you, for some Reasons
 ' that are not fit to be discours'd. And
 ' I beg you (Madam added he) not to
 ' press me to the discovery of them.
 ' Alas ! I do not mean it Sir, (reply'd
 ' the fair Impostor) I have other Busi-
 ' ness with you, and of greater Mo-
 ' ment to my self. I have Proposals to
 ' make to you which (happily) may not
 ' prove absolutely Disadvantageous to
 ' you, if embrac'd. I love you (Poly-
 dor continued she, without suffering
 him to speak.) ' And I love you so pas-
 ' sionately, that I can be capable of no
 ' rest, nor sensible of any Joy; unless
 ' you justly answer me. Nay Madam.
 (Interrupted *Polydor*) ' As for that mat-
 ' ter I can Love as fast, and as well as
 ' any man. And I am ready to do your
 ' Ladyship any Civil Kindness. Ah
 (cry'd she) ' I fear you mistake me, Po-
 lydor ! my desires and designs are ho-
 ' nest and Honourable. — We must
 ' Marry (continued *Dorothaea*) if you
 ' mean to make me Happy; If you will
 ' not kill a poor Lady that languishes for
 ' you. How ! Marry ! — (Interrup-
 ' ted

'ted he) you don't know what you ask
 'Madam. I wish I could with all my
 'heart! But I have seen enough of that
 'already. I hope in Heaven (cry'd Do-
 'rothea all in a surprize) you are not
 'Married. Are you? If I be not; (an-
 'swered Polydor) I have seen the fatal
 'Consequences of it in others: No, no
 'Madam (continued he) no more of that!
 'such another word and I shall Swoon,
 'though I were use to do so. Why (re-
 'ply'd Dorothea) am I so contemptible
 'then? if you are any way acquainted
 'with my Brother, you may (perhaps)
 'have heard my Fortunes are not. And
 ' (pursu'd she) could it enter into your
 'thoughts, that the Sister of Sir Fran-
 'cis Heartwell could ask any thing but
 'Marriage of you, after the Declarati-
 'on of her Love? Ah (Madam said
 'Polydor Kneeling) for Heavens sake
 'forgive me! I am certain you would
 '(added he) if you knew my wretched,
 'Cursed, Circumstances. Heaven
 'knows (pursu'd he, looking very A-
 'mourously on her) I would soon em-
 'brace so advantageous an offer. if it
 'were

were convenient for either of us. Seek
 not I beseech you (continued he with
 a sigh) seek not to know the miserab'c
 Obstacle. Be satisfied, I am lost
 (Madam !) Condemned to perpetual
 Infamy while here I Live ! My Re-
 putation is Damn'd, my Fortune and
 my Rest for ever broken: And my
 Liberty is no more ! Ah pitty Madam,
 (pursu'd he with a hearty sigh) pitty
 a miserable Creature, that is not cap-
 able of receiving the Happiness your
 Goodness would throw away upon
 him ! And now (continu'd he rising),
 Permit me I beg of you to retire; and
 Curse my Evil Stars, which have
 heap'd so great Misfortunes on me,
 only for my Credulity; suffer me I
 Conjure you by your Excellent good
 Humour, to retire, that I may Rave
 freely alone ! that I may either shake
 off the thoughts of my Misery, or
 sink under 'em. O Heavens ! (cry'd
 Dorothaea weeping, which by no means
 she could restrain,) such was the sweet-
 ness of her Temper, I pitty you
 from my Soul. Alas ! I cannot but

be

' be too sensible that you are much Af-
 ' flicted. And I wish heartily it were
 ' in my Power or Art to relieve you.
 ' You may go (continued he) since you
 ' must, and will go. But I beseech you,
 ' as ever you hope to regain your Quiet,
 ' Let me at all times know where to
 ' find you. Be confident Madam, you shall
 (said Polydor kissing her Hand) and ma-
 king his Obeylance very humbly to the
 very Door, he left her gazing after him.

When he was quite out of sight, she
 went to her cruel Cousin whom she rail-
 ly'd severely for making her Instrument
 in Torturing the Poor mistaken Polydor.
 — But to her greater dissatisfaction, she
 understood, that she had a Scene or two
 more to play of her part yet: Which
 Ariadne began to instruct her in. While
 Polydor retreated to his little Thatch'd
 house; where he weigh'd every Circum-
 stance of this Last Adventure.

' Heavens! (cry'd he) was there ever
 ' so unfortunate a Fellow as I am, to be
 ' abus'd by a Counterfeit Ariadne, when
 ' I might really have had the true one!
 ' But, perhaps, I had never seen the last
 ' had

had it not been in quest of the first.
 'Tis strange I Methinks, there is still
 something that hangs about my Heart
 and will not let me hate that naughty
 Woman, nor I fear I shou'd receive
 her again, were I assur'd of her Vir-
 tue: Were I confident she were not
 in Debt, or had I but an Estate to pay
 her Debts, whatever they were; up-
 on the assyrahee of her truth to me: I
 shou'd take her into my Bosom. O
 easy Fool that I am! I am certain I
 shou'd, Shee's witchingly fair! I
 cannot for my Soul forget her Beauty.
 Her Humour too so justly answers
 mine; that'twere too great a Blessing
 for me to enjoy her had she but Her
 nour too. — But O! (continu'd he)
 I have lost a Diamond for a Pebble. Is
 that so strange! Alas! I have lost my
 self.— But well (purſued he) I le to
 Town, and strive to divert the
 Thoughts of my ill Fortune and Dis-
 grace with Company and Play. I
 may meet there with somebody as
 wretched as my self: And then wee'l
 fit and Rail, and Curse Fortune, Wo-
 men,

men, and our own Follies — Hold,
 Polydor ! Hold ! (purſu'd he after a
 little Pance) Do's this become the
 greatness of thy Spirit ! No ; I will
 ſuffer quietly and ſilently. I'll be as
 great a Stoick as the best of 'em. Nay
 more ; I'll bear my Afflictions like a
 Christian Woman, I forgive thee.
 Thou haſt not Damned me yet. Thou
 haſt only made me forſeit all my Hap-
 piness on Earth, unless I find it here,
 here in my Breast. I first muſt drive
 thee out and then I may. Alas ! Thou
 coulſt not help this Treachery ! It is
 Entail'd upon thy Sex. Heaven has
 ordain'd that you ſhou'd all be false.
 Made Soft and Fair the easier to De-
 ceive.

'Twas not the Fruit nor Serpent ruin'd

Man :

Ono ! The Woman looked the Sin into
 him !

Shee Smil'd and raised ſtrong Appetites
 within him :

The Mighty Charm prevail'd ! The glo-
 rious Bait.

He.

He speedily devourd ; and in one mo-
ment

Thus Poyson'd all his Pure, Immacu-
late Soul !

And left his Son's weak Preys to's subtle
Daughters !

So (continu'd he Recollecting him-
self) I can Preach I see, upon occasion.
However, this is no place to Preach in ;
the Night comes on apace ; I will to Town
in spite of Darkness. With that, he
call'd for his Horse and a Pen, Ink, and
Paper ; which with much ado he got :
But, I believe, his Hostess was forc'd to
tear a blank Leaf out of the Practise of
Piety or some such Book ; or, for ought
I know, it might as well be torn out of
the Famous History of Valentine and
Orson ; which indeed, is the most likely
of the two : For as I understand, it was
a Quarter of a sheet of Paper ; on
which he wrote a piece of his Mind to
the Counterfeit Ariadne, giving her no-
tice where she might direct her Com-
mands to him at any time ; which he
dispatch'd

dispatch'd to her by a Messenger he found there, who undertook to deliver it that Night for a Tester. So, immediately he mounted and came for London; where he Arriv'd about eleven at Night: He set up his Breakfast very carefully, and stay'd till he had seen his Bed made, and till he had eaten a hearty Supper of Corn. Then - *God a meroy Horse* (said Polydor) and left him to provide for his own self; which he did; taking Coach and driving directly to his Lodgings; where he vow'd, Pray'd a little and Sigh'd more, so put out his Candle and went to Bed. What with Travelling and Vexation, he was so tired, that he slept very soundly till seven the next Morning, without the help of Wine. When he rose he found himself much better for having drank so little the Day past: But still he found his Troubles return into his Thoughts, as fresh as ever. He knew not what in the World to do, to ease himself. At last, he bethought himself of his Friend *Mardon*: To whom he resolved to discourse his Misfortunes at large and ask his Advice, what to do in his miserable Condi-

Condition: For, he had fully determined in his Thoughts to drink no more so largely and frequently as he had done hitherto. To his mistaken Friend then he go's, finds him hardly awake, in Bed. *What! Not awake yet* (said Polydor, drawing open the Curtains) *Who's that?* (cry'd Marwoud, rubbing his Eyes) *O Polydor! What Rason'd already!* *Will you believe your Eyes, or no,* (reply'd Polydor) *you see I am.* *Hardly* (answer'd Marwoud) *for faith thou hast made such brast 'tis almost incredible to me!* *Since, I presume, you stay'd some time with your Friends you went so fast.* *And for my part, I declare to you, I don't love to ride so hard:* *But did you not travel some part of the last Night?* (continued he) *I did,* (reply'd Polydor) *I shou'd not like that without Company* (said Marwoud) *it is dangerous, there are Highway-Men abroad every Night on that Road:* *Besides if it were never so clear of them, I shou'd nevertheless be Afflicted by all the Melancholy Thoughts my Soul cou'd minister.* *Ay!* (interrupted Polydor) *so few were my Entertainments all the way.*

I never

I never was so melancholy in all my Life,
(added he) nor ever had reason to be so:
How? Prithee why? (said Marwoud)
sitt on the Bed and let me hear the reason.
You shall (said Polydor sitting down) I
am Marry'd my dear Friend (continu'd
he, embracing Marwoud; sighing and
almost weeping at every word) At last,
he summon'd all his Resolution, and
made shift to discourse all his Adventures
with Ariadne to him, which he did in
such pitteous Accents and with such
mournful Gestures, that Marwoud often
sigh'd in Consort with him. But, perhaps,
it was more, because he understood that
Polydor had rob'd him of his Mistress,
tho he did not know it himself. But as
if it had been to make him more cara-
ged; Polydor shew's him the Ring and
Gold Ariadne left with him. Marwoud
soon knew the Purse and the Ring.
Which made him say, coldly, "On my
Word, I shou'd think by this she were
a Person of Quality; but her leaving
you so strangely confirms me in a con-
trary Opinion, Polydor then proceed-
ed to tell him how passionately in Love
the

the true *Ariadne* was with him, all along
mistaking *Dorothaea* for her. But (said
he tenderly embracing Marwoud again)
I will have nothing to say to her, be-
cause, I know your Heart is engag'd
there. How came you to hear that
(said Marwoud?) The Foot-man that
I overtook on the Road discover'd it
to me, by a trick I put upon him.
Well then, cry'd Marwoud, how do
you like the true *Ariadne*? What
manner of Woman is she? for, per-
haps, continu'd he, you may be still
deceiv'd. That's impossible, replied
Polydor, and to convince you that I
am not, I will describe her to you.
Her Hair is of a pale brown, her Eyes
are Gray, full and Languishing. She
Lisps a little; and she has a Mole on
her left Cheek which becomes her ex-
treamly. Nay, nay, I'm sure 'tis she.
Well I am satisfy'd; said Marwoud,
who knew well enough 'twas *Dorothaea*,
by the Description:

F

Hc

He presently imagin'd 'twas one of Ariadne's Caprices that set Dorofea to personate her. He began to be very uneasy, and impatient of Polydor's Stay.

— When Polydor asked him, "Am not I the most wretched Creature breathing? Dost thou not pity me heartily? What shall I do? I rithee assist me. And a thousand other things that a man in his Condition might propose. He reply'd, "I believe 'tis Nine a Clock; I must rise to take Sir Francis ere he go out. What? shall I drink a Bottle with you at Night? I will not fail to meet you at Eight, at Locketts or where you will. I'll see you there if you please (reply'd Polydor) but I can't Drink. You dull Dog, said Marwood to his *Valet de Chambre*) are these Clothes for this Weather? What occasion have I to Sweat thi Weather more than I must of Necessity? Do your Rogueship think I'm Pox'd? you are but an ill Physitian to prescribe me a Sweat, amid'st all this Heat, I were. The poor Devil answer'd nere word, but with all submission imagin'd

nable brought him another Suit that look'd a little Cooler. He put it on and dressed, till he had occasion for his Perriuke ; by ill Luck, that which he designed to wear that day, was not Comb'd out. — Defend us ! How many *Dammees* ? How many *Oaths* ? How many *Insipi'd Rascally Negligent Beasts* were there utter'd ! Polydor observing him out of Humour, did not know what certainly to attribute it to, but thought it very convenient to leave him. 'Marwood (said he) good Morrow ! To Night at Eight, at Locket ; remember your Servant, answered he in the same Tone, he had spoken to his *Valé de Chambre*. 103 100

Down Stairs went Polydor, and not long after Marwood took a Chair and went to Sir Francis, where he appear'd very much discompos'd, all along ; insomuch that Sir Francis took particular Notice of him. 'Marwood (said he) 'What the Devil ails thee ? Thy looks are enough to give the most Costive Body a stool ! What's the matter ? 'Come, impart, impart. 'Tis not whol-

F 2. 'some

' some for your knowledge of all
 ' Mens, (reply'd Marwood) 'twill
 ' blister your Ears if I relate it. You
 ' seem to imply (said the Knight) that
 ' it Concerns me. And your words
 ' have rais'd my Curiosity to that
 ' height, that you must explain 'em, or
 ' I cannot esteem you my Friend. My
 ' silence (answer'd Marwood) is now
 ' the greatest Argument of my Friend-
 ' ship to you that I can make you. I beg
 ' you would not. — Prithee do not
 ' beg (interrupted Sir Francis) thou hast
 ' stirr'd all that was Woman in me, and
 ' now I must know; thy very Endea-
 ' vours to conceal it makes me im-
 ' patient of this tormenting Silence,
 ' There's Mischief in it, let me know it.
 ' Mischief! I think there is (cry'd Mar-
 ' wood all in a Rage) Mischief, Base,
 ' Treacherous Mischief! Why then art
 ' thou so long ere thou let'st me know it?
 ' (said Ariadnes dear Brother) Too
 ' soon (said Marwood, shaking his spite-
 ' ful head, and shrugging up his Shoul-
 ' ders, you will know too soon, the Lady
 ' your Sister *Ariadne* is Married. —

Married!

'Married! (said Sir *Francis*, keeping
 'his Temper and his face.) Why, then
 'God give her Joy! Can you then
 'so Tamely hear such ill News? (cry'd
 'Marwood) that your Sister is Marri'd
 'basely, below her self to a Man of no
 'Fortunes, or at least of very small For-
 'tunes, and those too decaying! And
 'without your Knowledge! With
 'all my heart, let her Marry without
 'my Knowledge (reply'd Sir *Francis*)
 'But what base Man is he, she has made
 'her Husband? Pray what is his name?
 'Do I know him? yes, I think you
 'have seen him (answered Marwood)
 'and in my Company. Pox o' my Log-
 'gerhead that ever I brought him near
 'you! — Prithee (interrupted the
 'good humour'd Gentleman) who is he
 'without any more Harrangues, let me
 'know his Name, if he has one, I be-
 'seech you. 'Tis *Polydor*, that Tre?ch-
 'erous Beggerly Villain! (cry'd Mar-
 'wood, his Face all over glowing with
 'Rage and Envy.) *Polydor!* (said Sir
 'Francis) have a care Marwood what
 'you say! He is a worthy Gentleman

' and of a good Family, besides he was
 ' your Friend. I am heartily glad 'tis
 ' so well with her, after all the fears
 ' you put me in for her. So well (cry'd
 ' Marwoud. 'Tis true; she might have
 ' Married a Hangman, a Cobler, or a
 ' Porter for all you I see; But I don't
 ' apprehend how otherwise she could
 ' have done worse! The Extravagant
 ' Prodigal knows how to spend her
 ' Fortunes, and his own too, were
 ' they both doubled. Is this all the care
 ' you take of your Sister! How now
 ' Marwoud! (said Sir Francis putting
 ' on a serious Look) what do you mean
 ' by this Discourse. Pray keep your
 ' Reprimands till they may be more sea-
 ' sonable: will you instruct my Care
 ' and Love to my Sister! If I have of-
 ' fended Sir, (answered Marwoud) 'tis
 ' through the excess of my Friendship,
 ' and Zeal to serve you. I could not
 ' think such a Lost Fellow as Polydor a
 ' fit Match, for the incomparab'e A-
 ' riadne. It seems (reply'd her Brother)
 ' Ariadne thinks so. And once more I
 ' give you Caution, that you treat him
 ' at

' at your discourse of him, as he is a
 ' Gentleman. If not for his own, and
 ' his Families sake, yet at least as he is
 ' my Sisters Husband, and my Brother,
 ' — But how came this Wedding a-
 ' bout. *Marwoud* told him every Cir-
 ' cumstance as *Polydor* had related to him,
 ' but (added he) I fear he has disengaged
 ' the Truth, and that he surprised her,
 ' and forc'd her consent to Marry him.
 ' If so (replyd *Sir Francis*) I shall take
 ' an Honourable Revenge on him:
 ' Wee'l go down to Morrow, and learn
 ' the Truth. But I fear, *Marwoud* you
 ' love her your self: I have long sus-
 ' pected it, and 'tis Jealous hate that
 ' makes you judge so ill of your happy
 ' Rival. I hope (replyd *Marwoud*)
 ' ready to burst with Anger, which he
 ' durst not vent there) I had not been
 ' altogether so Contemptib'e and dis-
 ' proportionate a Match; had I been
 ' so happy as *Polydor*. I grant your
 ' Estate is proportionable (replyd *Sir*
 ' *Francis*) but how unequal your Hu-
 ' mours may be, I know not. And
 ' (perhaps added he sharply) she is as

‘Happy as she has disposed of her self,
 ‘as if she had proceeded according to
 ‘your deliberate Instructions. ’Tis
 very possible (reply’d *Marwoud*.)

The next Morning they came to *Dartheas*, where I fancy they were expected, because they were so Civilly entertain’d. As soon as *Sir Francis* found his Sister in private, which you may be confident was before *Marwoud* had the opportunity of conversing alone with her. He told her all that *Marwoud* had related to him, all which she own’d, who certainly gave her the greatest animosity imaginable against a Gentleman of his Principles, and Circumstances. ’Tis true she was Reveng’d and that by good Fortune, for (perhaps) *Marwoud* durst have fought any man on equal terms of Honour or Advantage. He was a Spark that could Love as heartily for interest as any man Breathing! He had a strange Command over himself in Conversation! And would seldom speak Truth, for, that is the rudest thing imaginable, especially if a man always does so. You are

are to know then, that as soon as her Brother had made this Discourse to her, Ariadne singled out Marwoud, and led him into the Garden. Is it possible (said she) that a Gentleman and your friend, should impudently and falsely report to you, that I was Married to him! and is it not as strange that you should give Credit to him on so slight Circumstances, as the sight of my Ring and Purse. Look here (continued she, shewing him the Letter Polydor had written to her, under the borrowed Name of Beaufort.) See now are you not finely abused. But I perceive very faint appearances will prevail on you, to believe the worst things imaginable of me. Ha! (interrupted Marwoud in a pleasing surprise) Are you not then Married to him? Why can't you yet give Credit to me! (said Ariadne.) Why then (cry'd Marwoud) do you suffer him to wear those things, which are much more precious in their having been worn by you, than an hundred times their Value could make them? You see (answered she) he entreats here that he might kiss my hand; which by

no means I would permit, but prevailed with Dorothaea to personate me, when upon the first sight of her, he cry'd she was not that Ariadne he looked for, and left her without returning any of 'em. By Heaven but he shall return 'em Madam, (cry'd Marwood in a fierce tone) and that ere to Morrow this time. I would not (said Ariadne) Encourage you in any ill design of Revenge upon my Account ; but truly I must say, he deserves to be punished for his Indiscretion.

What a Devil did this Woman mean now, (some will say) to set this Fellow to Murther her Husband, Let them know she was resolved to try his Courage as well as his other Virtues ; for undoubtedly she was the most humorous Creature Breathing. And I dare say, she wish'd from her very Soul, that Polydor might come off Victorious, and Chastize Marwood for his Tatling.

They said not much more on that Matter, because they saw Sir Francis reading Dorothaea and Marwood to them. they joyned Discourse presently,

New

News; and things indifferent, which lasted about an Hour: when they were told that Dinner waited them on the Table, they all went in, and those could fed heartily; Marwoud's Stomack was full already, with his Resolution of fighting Polydor, and I think he Eate but little, but drank the more. And as soon as Dinner was over, he took the opportunity to leave the Knight and Ladys in a very hot Dispute, concerning the Constancy of Men, and the Inconstancy of Women, in affairs of Love.

Marwoud had gotten on Horse-back just as they were beginning to be warm in their Arguments, and ordered one of the Footmen to tell Sir Francis, if he should ask for him, that he was gone to make a Visit to a Drunken friend of his about 7 or 8 Miles thence; and that he should no wonder if he did not return to Night, for he doubted there might be hot Service.

Having left his Charge with the Servant, he Rose for London, with all the convenient speed that might be; where

he found himself about Nine a Clock. He was so Impatient, that he hardly could give himself time to change his Boots for Shoos, ere he went to see for *Polydor*.

By good fortune for him, he could not light on him that Night: But the next Morning early he took him in Bed. *Polydor* (said he) you must rise I have Business with you. This he spoke in a Tone so different, from that he used to salute his Friend in formerly; that *Polydor* almost guessed what he intended, which made him say Rising, 'Cer-
tainly your Business with me is very
strange and urgent, that you Visit me
thus early, and with that unusual
Roughness which you are not wont to
acost me with. But (continued he)
I am ready to give my Friends all
manner of satisfaction becoming a
Gentleman. I know it *Polydor* (said
Marmont) else I had not given my
self the trouble to call you to an Ac-
count, for an Injury done to a Person
of Quality, and my most respected
Acquaintance. I don't know who
you

"you mean (answer'd Polydor) but I'll
 "give you the best account I can. You
 "must restore the Ring and Purse which
 "you pretended was given you by Ari-
 "adne. How! Marwoud (said Polydor)
 : pretended to be given me! — And
 "must Restore them. Prithee to whom?
 "To me (reply'd Marwoud.) No Mar-
 "woud (cry'd he) Not so. Bring me
 "to that Ariadne that gave me the Ring,
 "and left the Purse with me; and you
 "may prevent farther Mischief. Talk
 "not of preventing (said Marwoud) I
 "came to seek it. On my word, reply'd
 "Polydor, you are fonder on't than I am.
 However I will help you to as much as
 may satisfie you, within this Hour; if
 you please to let me see you behind Claren-
 den House. Well! Good Morrow (said
 Marwoud) I'll expect you there an hour
 hence.

He went directly to the place ap-
 pointed, where Polydor after he was
 dressed, according to a laudable Cu-
 stom which he had always observed;
 threw himself on his Knees, and recom-
 mended the Care of his Soul and Body
 b'mis

to Heaven: And I believe, if with Honour he might have avoided it, he would not have fought a man in cold Blood, much less one that had been his Friend. He could not yet imagine what obliged Marwoud to demand the Ring and Gold.

He went considering on the odness of that Mornings Encounter, till he came to the aforesaid place, where he found Marwoud ready to receive him, with all the Gallantry and Resolution of a Generous Enemy. Said Polydor, I could wish Marwoud, that this matter might be otherwise determin'd, noth'ng by the Sword. Especially between us two. Tis in vain (reply'd Marwoud drawing) The Sword alone must end this Dispute with one of our Lives. Forbid it Heaven (said Polydor standing on his Guard) Marwoud was very Furious and Violent in his Rases, which Polydor very calmly put by. But Marwoud continuing very eager, made one home Thrust, and slightly wounded Polydor in his left Arm; who immediately threw himself into his enraged Enemy, and was armed

arm'd him. Here Marwoud (said Polydor) strike your Sward. I will not injure your courage so much as to expect you should ask your Life. What damn'd mis-
fortunes this! (cri'd Marwoud) receiving his Sward, ~~and~~ thank the Polydor, but I must again employ it against thy Life! I must be ungrateful (continued he) my unhappy Circumstances oblige me to it! — That's somewhat hard (reply'd Polydor) however I cannot fear to fight that man a second time, whom I have once disarm'd. And now Sir (added he with a threatening Gesture.) This bout may be more fatal to you than the former. Take it as it comes (said Marwoud.)

They both made several Passes, and Polydor was run quite through the right Thigh, but it was only a Flesh-wound, having miss'd the Snewes. This vex'd him terribly; and he prest most vigo-
roully on his Rival, insomuch that he made him retreat about two yards of Ground, and pursuing his Advan-
tage ran him into the Sword Arm, al-
most as far as his Breast. There his
Sword was so engag'd, that he could
not

not easily get it out: mean while *Marwoud* was shifting his own Sword into his left hand, that he might shorten it, and run him into the Back, but *Polydor* prevented him by throwing him on the Ground, where he took from him both the Swords. *Marwoud's* he stuck into the Earth, and broke it short almost to the Hilt. Now (said he) *Marwoud* thou hast the Reward of Ingratitude farewell, if thou canst; I'll send somebody to help thee, as soon as I reach the Town. No, hold! (said *Marwood*) let me walk with you. I have my due, and I am satisfied. And I thank Heaven that we have both escap'd with Life. No thanks to you though Sir (said *Polydor*.)

They both made shift to get to St. James, where they took Coach, and were both Carried to the same Chyrurgeon, who assur'd 'em there was no great danger on either side; but *Marwoud's* was somewhat the worse. When the Wounds were dressed, they embraced very kindly, and were as good friends seemingly, as ever they had been formerly. I dare engage that *Polydor*

lyder was real, but for *Marwoud*, I can not say much, for he plaid him an ill trick after this.

They parted for the present and went to their several Lodgings. About twelve a Clock Sir *Francis* came in puffing hard to *Marwoud*, whom he found upon his Bed asleep, and in a fine breathing Sweat. He was going to steal away softly to leave him to his Repose, but (it seems) he cou'd not avoid making so much Noise as waked *Marwoud*. Who's there (cry'd he.) Your Friend. (said Sir *Francis*) I'm glad to see you alive. How is it with *Polydor*? *Marwoud* was amaz'd to hear him ask so pertinent a Question, not apprehending how he should know any thing of their last dispute. I think Sir (said he) *Polydor* is as well, if not better than I am: I'm sure his Fortune was. But in the name of wonder how came you acquainted with our Difference? *Ariadne* when you were gone, was fearful of what might ensue on what she had said to you, (reply'd Sir *Francis*) and could not rest till she had told me where you were gone, which

which brought us all to Town this Morning by ten a Clock, in hopes to prevent what I see is already too severely performed. Ay alas! (cry'd Marwoud) with too severe Success on his side; Curse on this weak Arm, that could not reach his Heart. I am heartily glad it did not (reply'd the Knight,) for I should certainly have lost a dear Sister had it been so, that either of you had fallen. O no! (interrupted Marwoud) had the wretched Marwoud fallen as low as Hell, what had that concern'd the Adorable Ariadne! I must confess (added he with a scornful Smile:) if the most Accomplish'd, and thrice happy Polydor had Died; 'twere enough to have broken any Ladys heart. 'Twere enough indeed (answered Ariadnes Brother) to have broken my Sisters heart, had you Kill'd her Husband on her Account. How! (interrupted Marwoud in a great Consternation) is she then really Married to him after all this? after the Letter she shew'd me, to persuade me of the Contrary! 'Tis e'en so after all (reply'd Sir Francis.) And you ought not to be troubled, if I desire you to

receive him always as your friend. I may be Civil to him (answered Marwoud,) but I fear I shall never really love him. In short (added he) I shall hardly ever endure to see him again. Come! Come (said Sir Francis) this is not like a Man of Honour: I must and will have you perfectly Reconcil'd. That's a time shall try (reply'd Marwoud,) but at present it appears to me as impossible, as it is to recall Yesterday. O! (cry'd Sir Francis) This is only the Effect of your late Animosity. But (pursu'd he) pray make hasty and recover, that you may restore my Friend again to my Arms. You may come to my House Conveniently enough in a Chair: but I would not have you be too hasty to leave your Chamber. I'll send Ariadne to Visit you in the Afternoon. In the mean time take care of your self. Saying so he left him without expecting his Answer, and went home.

Marwoud did not at all like the Complement his Friend made him, of bringing his Sister to Visit him: But he consider'd, he shou'd at sometime or other be forc'd to see her, unless he cou'd altogether

her resolve to forbear Conversing with her Brother, which made him put himself into the best Posture he cou'd to receive her that Afternoon.

Mean while *Polydor* far'd a great deal better for he cou'd make shift to walk, with the help of a Cane, and the Wound in his left Arm was scarce of any pain to him. Yet he thought it not altogether necessary to leave his Chamber for a day or two; which oblig'd him to send for his three old Companions whom he used so constantly to meet at *Locket's* or one Gaming-house or other. They came according to Summons; and expressed some little kind of trouble for that unhappy Accident, which he told 'em was a fall from his Horse. To play they went as briskly as at the Groom-Porters: And *Polydor's* Hand held in most luckily! There was indeed some reason it should, for, he Treated 'em very largely and generously with Wine and cold Meats.

While they were thus throwing away their Money and Time, *Ariadne* accompanied only with *Miranda*, came to see her Maim'd Souldier *Marwood*. Which, I
be-

believe was no little satisfaction to her, finding him no worse: For, she concluded her *Polydor's* Case was not so dangerous; having heard as much from her Brother at Dinner. ' Madam, (said ' Marwoud to her) you do me too much Honour, and your self too great a trouble in this Visit; but, perhaps, 'tis a pleasure to you to see me thus vanquish'd by the Man you had made your Husband, notwithstanding the endeavours you used to disguise it to me. You mistake Sir (reply'd Ariadne) if it be any pleasure to me to see you in this Condition: 'tis because, I hope it is much worse with *Polydor*, for, I have already had time enough to repent my hasty Marriage with a Man of his mean Fortunes, and hateful Humours: And I come now to give you the opportunity of revenging yourself and me too. But first, pray give me a particular Relation of your Duel.

He did so, with much uneasiness; and when he came to that part of the story; ' How! (said Ariadne) Had you

' you the ill fortune to be twice disarm-
 ' ed by him ! Yes (Madam, reply'd
 ' vehemently) I had that damn'd con-
 ' founded ill fortune, for, I am certain
 ' it was not through my want of Reso-
 ' lution that it succeeded so well with
 ' him. I dont suspect it was (answer'd
 ' she) But I come now to pour Balsom
 ' into your Wounds; I mean those of
 ' your mind; promise me but Secrecy
 ' and truth ! 'Tis neither Treason nor
 ' Murther I dare assure you. Let me
 ' know it I beseech you (said he gree-
 ' dily) I will attempt it; notwithstanding
 ' I have been unfortunate on your
 ' behalf in this last Enterprise. Alas
 ' (said Ariadne) 'tis the easiest thing
 ' imaginable, there's not the least sha-
 ' dow of danger in it. But you pro-
 ' mise Fidelity, and Secrecy so much
 ' as to my Brother? For Heavens sake
 ' do not doubt me ! (Madam, said he.)
 ' I will not (continu'd Ariadne) your
 ' Province then is to lay an Action of
 ' Ten Thousand Pounds on Polydor, in
 ' any bodies name, under pretence that
 ' the Debt was Contracted before

• Mar

' Marry'd him, manage this as cunning-
 ' ly as Revenge can instruct you ; and I
 ' doubt not but to be rid of an Husband
 ' For some time, if not for ever ! For,
 ' he not being us'd to a Prison may the
 ' sooner take the infection of it and die ;
 ' I have been told that there is no Pri-
 ' son about Town but has a peculiar
 ' Distemper belonging to it. Ha !
 ' (cry'd Marwou'd) I his is pretty well
 ' design'd ! Let me alone (*Madam*) to
 ' Execute it. I'le about it the first
 ' thing I do, as soon as I can go abroad,
 ' and I am persuaded, it will not a little
 ' Contribute to the Cure of the wound
 ' he was pleased to bestow on me.

Ariadne thanked him for the readi-
 ness with which he embrac'd her Propo-
 sitions ; and after a little other discourse
 of things not altogether material to their
 Circumstances ; she took *Miranda* with
 her and left him to reflect on this Blest
 Opportunity she had given him of be-
 ing in some measure revenged on a Man
 whom now he mortally hated.

to : b
 no

With

With great impatience, he lingred out a Week: And when he ventur'd out o' Doors, the first thing he did, before he had returned any of those Visits Sir *Francis* was pleased to make to him in his Chamber, was to enter an Action of Ten Thousand Pounds against *Polydor* in *Wood-street Compter*, at the Suit of Sir *Tenacious Heedy*: The next was to learn when he went into the City, which he heard would be within two days. He made a Visit to him on the very day he was going, and offered him his Company into the City which was very kindly embraced by *Polydor*. Heavens! How Sollicitous and industrious is malice, to compass its devilish ends! And how easily is an honest man deceived!

The unwilling *Polydor* takes Coach immediately with his treacherous friend for the *Sun-Tavern* behind the *Exchange*, where he had engaged to meet some Friends; but they were no sooner gotten within *Ludgate* e're the Coach was stopped by half a dozen Officers belonging to that Blessed place I told you on

or before ; who presently seiz'd on both their Swords, and wou'd have halld Polydor out, had he not calmly ask'd 'em what they meant, and promised to make no resistance if they cou'd shew any Authority for what they did. One of 'em told him, he had an Action against him, and wou'd shew him the Warrant, as soon as they came to any Tavern, that he shou'd name ; and withal, like the rest of the wheedling treacherous Fraternity promis'd him all the Civility imaginable, provided he wou'd obey the Kings Law. Well (said he) let the Coach-man drive to ~~Fowler~~ ^{at} the Half Moon. The Rascals lik'd that well enough, and very obediently trudg'd along by the Coach-Rods till they came to the place aforesaid.

Marmoud all along seem'd Amaz'd at this Accident, and appear'd as the most Concern'd man of the two. Now (said Polydor to one of the Officers) at what sum am I a Prisoner ? At the Suit of one Sir F. spacious Heeby (replied the Officer) heres the Warrant.

it if you please. Certaintly friend (said Polydor) you are mistaken, though I confess I find my name here, but may there not be more of my name than my self think you? for upon my Reputation, I never so much as heard of Sir Tenacious — Devils name till this time! Pray what is he? A rich Merchant (answered one of the Furies) and belongs to the East-India Company. Then be satisfied (said Polydor,) I never had Trading with any of the Profession in my Life. No Sir that may be (return'd one of the Goblins) for, I suppose it is a Debt contracted by your Lady. O damn'd Imposter! (cry'd Marwoud on a sudden, who had instructed this Rogue before.) It must be so I am confident, if the Officers have not mistaken you for another. 'Tis impossible we should Sir, (said one of 'em.) This Adversary was with us when he took Coach at the other end of the Town, and told us this Gentleman was the Debtor. Dear Harpies (said Polydor Smiling,) How could you forget your Prey so long? O Sir! (reply'd one,) you were out of our Territories till you came within Temple Bar, where yet we

we did not think our selves secure enough of you, because of the Templars, and some desperate Blades that we might have met with, in Fleet-street. You have reason Sir (said Polydor smiling) I think here within your Dominions 'tis a matter of Imprisonment, at least for a Gentleman to draw his Sword in his own defence: It scars your whining Zealots out of the little sense they had. Besides they are all very apprehensive of their own Guile, and fear the Punishment they might reasonably expect from the Sword, for their Rebellion, Sedition, and mutinous Endeavours against the Royal Prerogative. (He had
 years conning up, all in a flame, not so much for his own Circumstances, as with Zeal for his Prince.) 'I will not be Prisoner within these wicked Walls, within
 in this City, in whose Great Streets
 and highest Places, the best of Kings,
 & Q[ueen]s, Riddle. That Glorious
 Martyr for the Liberty of his People,
 was proclaim'd a Traitor, I say, I
 will not be confined to herd one week
 to attend with you, lest I get the In-
 fection, as least of a hundred pounds
 (envy)

will remove me to the Kings-Bench I
 will not. — Why the Devil could
 not my Kt. Merchant Adversary have
 taken me at our end of the Town?
 Was there a Necessity that I must be
 brought hither to this Stage, where
 the factious Schismaticks are playing
 the old Game again with some of the
 same Cards, only the Knaves are all
 Chang'd! where little Machiaville is
 playing his Pranks! A worthy Puffin-
 deed! — But there are Dogs that
 may Worry him at last. While he
 raved thus; and Marwoud walk'd frown-
 ing about the Room. The Officers you
 may be confident were not idle, they
 had top'd off a Matter of Seven or Eight
 Bottles of Canary, and devoured the
 best part of two Neats-Tongues. At
 last one of them beg'd leave of his Gut,
 to speak to Polydor. — Will you have me?
 What do you propose? Will you stand for
 Bail? Send for a Whore sir, or me to
 Prison, (cry'd Polydor) O you stand
 Marwoud do not think on't? If I thought
 my Bail would be taken, I would propose you
 my service. Only for me to be a Friend!

(replied)

(replied Polydor, Embracing the Snake) I am resolved to stand it out my self. Then (Interrupted one of the Troublesome Attendants,) Since your Worship will go to Prison; yet, however you shall not go into the Compter, but if you please you may Lie at a Prison House over against it, till you have Composed this Business. No Sir I'll go to the Compter upon my word, (reply'd Polydor.) Indeed you shall not, nor must not, (said Marwold,) who wished nothing more in the World than that he might Rot there.

What Exquisite Mischief may be done with the face of Friendship! I am sorry (answered the true and faithful Polydor) I must be obstinate, but I have some Reasons for it. Now (the Duce take me) If I know what Reason he could have for it: Unless it were to avoid the Extortions of a Sponging House; which nevertheless, had he been in the Compter so often as I; he wou'd have endur'd, rather than have seen the inside on't. 'Indeed Sir, I wou'd not advise you to go into the Compter; you will

' find it very disagreeable to your hu-
 ' mour : The Prisoners there will be all
 ' ready to tear you in pieces for Guar-
 ' nish, (said one of the Officers.) I shall
 ' prevent 'em (Sir) for I'll pay it (sa'd
 ' Polydor.) Nay, if you please to like it
 ' Sir ; Reply'd one of 'em whose Brother
 in Law kept a Sponging House, you may
 ' go into the Prison. But there's the
 ' Turnkeys Fee, and seven Shillings a
 ' Week for a dirty, dark hole, with
 ' Cobwebs about your Bed instead of
 ' Curtains. When if you wou'd be
 ' persuaded (Sir) you may lie in as
 ' good a Bed as my Lord Mayor, and
 ' have what Meat and Drink you p'ruse,
 ' and Dress'd how you please, besides,
 ' the Liberty of walking down into
 ' the Dining Room. But I must pay
 ' for it Sir (Interrupted Polydor) I shall
 ' have there my Landlord, who (per-
 ' haps) Drinks like a Dame, Cringes
 ' like a French man, Grins like my
 ' Lady's Monkey, when he sees Money
 ' coming ; but if that be not ready,
 ' he looks as surly as a Butchers Dog,
 ' or as the Butcher himself, who is the
 ' rudest

' rudeſt Beast of the two ! His Com-
 ' pany I ſhall never fail of, then one or
 ' two of your Worſhips will come to
 ' Visit me, three or four times a day
 ' and make me as uneasy as this Sir Boo-
 ' by that Arrests me will be when he
 ' hears I'm gone over to the Kings-
 ' Bench; — No Sir; I am bound for
 ' the Computer; there I'le treat my fel-
 ' low Prisoners, that want a Bottle of
 ' Wine and a lusty Joint of Meat !
 ' Twill be well beſtow'd.

' How long is it ſince you have had
 ' ſo good knowledge of these Houses
 ' you have deſcrib'd ? (ſaid Marwond)
 ' I hope you never were confin'd till
 ' now. I never was indeed (replied
 ' Polydor.) But I have visited ſome of
 ' my acquaintance in ſuch like places
 ' ſeveral times. Well Sir ſince you
 ' are ſo obſtinate, and will not be pre-
 ' vail'd on for your own good; (ſaid
 ' one of the Serjeants) you ſhall e'en
 ' have your humour, but I fear you'l
 ' repent it. I ſhall not however ac-
 ' quaunt you with my Penitence if I do,
 ' (anſwer'd Polydor,) So, let's know
 ' what's

what's to pay ; that I may be gone to
 my Palace. Dear Friend (continued
 he, speaking to Marwoud) oblige me
 so far as to enquire into this business
 for me ; and see what must be done
 in't, and give your self a little farther
 trouble to send Harry, Will, or Tom,
 any one of 'em or all of 'em together
 to me, by to Morrow Noon. I will
 not fail (replied Marwoud) Can I do
 you any better Service ? I am sorry at
 the Heart that I must leave you : Yet
 if my Company may add any thing
 to your satisfaction, command my stay
 with you as long as you p'ease, and
 where you will ; I'lle put off all busi-
 ness so I may any way contribute to
 the easing of your Misfortunes. O
 by no means (answer'd Polydor again,
 Embracing his Evil Angel) I cannot
 suffer it. I know you will be at no
 great ease in such a place, which will
 but encrease my trouble.

As they had ended this Discourse, the
 Drawer brought up a Bill of about eight
 and twenty Shillings which these Vermin
 had devour'd in less than three hours
 time,

time, and yet the Dogs were so greedy that they were craving still; they were for Money for waiting! (with so many Plagues to them as they drank Glass's of Wine!) Money for waiting! (cry'd Polydor) yes; let them pay you that fit you a-work. They look'd a little sower; but said no more, because they saw their Pay-Master in the Room; who wou'd needs pay the Reckoning out of the extraordinary satisfaction he receiv'd in Polydor's Affliction: But Marwond pretended, it was for fear Polydor shou'd have occasion for Money, in his ill Circumstances.

Polydor took leave of him to go to his Enchanted Castle, with a Resolution worthy an Hero who makes such desperate Adventures! He was attended only by four of the Giants Warders. The other two stay'd with Marwond till they had squeezed three Guinneys out of him. He charged them when he was going to look strictly to their Prisoner and not to allow him any liberty, that they might lawfully deny him. They promised to be very observant of his

mands, and left him to go homewards without his Companion; for my part, I wish *Polydor* had gone homeward without him, and had left him to keep his Bed warm in the Compter! But hang t'! 'Tis ridiculous to wish Impossibilities! Well! Let the Treacherous *Marwou'd* c'en trudge on! We'll return to my good friend *Polydor*; who by this time had enter'd the Fort and pay'd all Dutys belonging to it.

All the rest of the poor Enchanted Souls look'd upon him, as the wretched Ghosts in Hell did on *Hercules* and *Theseus* whom they were in hopes came to deliver 'em; and truly if *Polydor* did not altogether enlarge their Bodies, yet he did much encrease their Commoons, during his stay there. Infomuch, that they all esteem'd him their Deliverer, from a lingring sort of Famin! For he dayly gave Alms to the meanest: You may see Providence in this now! For had he not been sent thither, many a poor Soul might have Perish'd of Hunger and Thirst.

His Charity to all, and his kind easy Conversation with the most inferior and Miserable Creature there was so signal, that the Keepers took particular notice of it, and told him, after he had been there two Days and some Hours, by way of Complement as I suppose they intended it; that, ' They shou'd be mighty sorry to lose his Company; at least (they added) the Prisoners would have no small cause to Lament his Departure, tho they ought to wish it for his sake. He Smil'd, and told 'em, ' He thought he was oblig'd to it as he was a Man, if not as a Christian and a Fellow Sufferer.

They had more discourse as they walk'd, at the end of which, a Jolly, Honest Soul, (and so you wou'd judge by the Ruddy Complexion of his Face) one who had no small Authority there, Invited him into the Lodge; telling him, and that truly, that it was the sweetest place of the two. He Embrac'd his kind proffer; and to shew he was not ungrateful for favours sent for half a dozen Bottles of good Claret from Mass.

Fowlers,

Fowlers, and bespoke two good substantial Dishes of Meat for his Friend, his self and the Prisoners.

As they were drinking a Glass or two before Dinner ; in came those two Officers that stay'd behind with Marwoud, who had heard of his Generosity to those in the House, and of his Civility to every Body, and who perceiv'd he had Money enough ; ' O (cry'd Polydor, looking on his Friend in Authority.) These are some of the Gentlemen that brought me hither to be acquainted with you. Sirs ! Pray walk in and drink with us (continu'd he, to the Officers) They were easily prevail'd on, and sat down.

After a Glass or two had gone about ; (said the Serjeant) ' I wonder, Sir, No body has been with you yet ! Ay (said Polydor) ' tis something strange ! But I doubt not, my Friend whom you saw with me t'other day, is busie in getting my Liberty ; and means I suppose, to surprize me with it ; yet I admire he has not sent some other Friends to me whom I expected to see here

here the next day after my Confinement. You have been very patient, Sir, (said the Officer) I don't hear that you have sent to any Friend yet. No, no, I need not trouble my self, I'm sure (reply'd Polydor) my Friend is labouring for my case. You mean Squire Marwoud, (answer'd the Serjeant.) I do so (said Polydor.) I can then assure you (continu'd the Officers) that he is indeavouring, labouring all the ways imaginable to keep you in a Prison all the days of your Life. How Sir (Interrupted Polydor, strangely Surpris'd!) what, do you know what you say! Ay, ay, Sir, (said the other Serjeant) and I'll swear it, Sir; and two Witnesses are enough to cast a Suit at Common Law. That may be Sir, (answer'd Polydor) but a thousand Witnesses will hardly make me suspect my Friend. But pray, what ground have you for what you say? Why, Sir (replied one of 'em) since we have found you here among us a Civil, Obliging, and Charitable Person; I'll tell you the whole truth, which

' I will Swear to, and so will my Friend
 ' there. Be assur'd then, that it was he
 ' who set you for three days together,
 ' till the very day he secur'd you in the
 ' Coach where we took you. I dare
 ' fwear it before any Magistrate in Eng-
 ' land, (Interrupted t' other Serjeant.) it
 ' may be so Sir, (replyed Polydor.) Be-
 ' fides (purſu'd the Serjeant) I'm ſure
 ' we had three Guinneys of him. If
 ' this be true; (cry'd Polydor) I am a
 ' very unfortunate Fellow, indeed!
 ' For, the loss of a Friend grieves me a
 ' thouſand times more than my Impr-
 ' ionment. But (continu'd he) did he
 ' fay, I ow'd him any Money? No Sir
 ' (replyed the Serjeant) he told us, the
 ' Debt was real, and Contracted by a
 ' Lady whom you had lately Marty'd.
 ' This is all a Riddle to me! said Polydor,
 ' But I thank you Gentlemen for your
 ' Inſormation. I find I am made the
 ' ſpoſt of Fortune of late. I was a hap-
 ' py Fellow and at Liberty once.—But
 ' now— Well! — Gentlemen, your
 ' Servant.— I thank you for this Liber-
 ' ty. — Why Sir, will you be going
 ' already?

already, (said he who trusted him into the Lodge) Dinner is just a coming I believe, by this time. Be pleas'd then Gentlemen (reply'd Polydor) to feed heartily when it do's come; and Invite some of your Friends in the House to eat with you, that want it most, at least be pleased to send em what you think fit, for my part, I care not for eating. I must mind my own business I see. And pray let me entreat the favour of you, to let me have a care ful Messenger sent to me; and you shall command me as much another time, if I ever am in a Capacity of serving you. Ay Sir, we'll be sure to send you a very honest Fellow (answer'd one of 'em) but we are sorry you will not Dine, when you have already given order for Meat. I thank you Sir (said Polydor) I have busynesses of greater concern than Dining, once more your Servant.

The Gate was soon open'd to him, you may believe; and to his dark Apartment he wents directly. Where after two or three hearty Sighs; he began,

Hom

"How shou'd Marwoud come acquainted with my Ariadne ! How came she to employ him ! And how durst he undertake so base a thing as to betray his Friend ! Yet — what made him fight me for the Ring and the Gold ! What Title had he to either of 'em. 'Tis a strange Mystery, profound and dark ! And I am lost in't. He must know my False Ariadne, if he did really betray me to this place, that's certain, Ariadne did I call her ? A very Improper Name it is (methinks) for her : For, — she has led me into a Labyrinth ! I see, all Ariadnes are not of the same humour. Her Name-sake bravely led her Lover forth, spite of a Cruel Father ! Ventur'd all, and lost her self at last for a false Man ! When I Disarm'd and naked of deceit, have got into the Labyrinth, and met the Monster. So much for Honesty ! So much for Truth ! But O ! How much for rash Credulity ! Had I been practic'd in the World's great Arts, Treason, Rebellion, and Hypocrisy, could I have nos'd my Prince, and to

S. his

' his Teeth have told him that his
 ' Power was but painted ; cou'd I have
 ' swoon'd a Maid into belief, of any feign'd
 ' Love, and when I had enjoy'd,
 ' have thrown the Rift'd, Broad, Blown
 ' Flow'r behind me ; cou'd I, in my
 ' Dear Friends Bosom lying, pierce it
 ' to reach his Heart ; and after all, cheat
 ' Heaven with pretended Piety, serve
 ' God with list up Eyes and dismal tone ;
 ' but Heart of Marble, sinking down to
 ' Hell, then I had been a Glorious De-
 ' vil ! Then, my Prince might ha' been
 ' pitty'd, the lost Maid have Fruitless
 ' Tears with my Friends unrevenged
 ' Bloud. They'd only suffer'd. — O !
 ' No ; I mistake : They had been Blef-
 ' sed (perhaps) and with their Sighs
 ' have blasted all my hopes of future
 ' Bliss, and blown me down to Hell ;
 ' for Heaven sees, and is not to be
 ' rock'd.

He fetch'd another deep Sigh at the
 end of this long Sermon, and threw him-
 self on his Bed : Within a little after the
 Fellow came to him to know what Ser-
 vice he had to command him. He rose
 and

and dispatch'd him away to his three Gaming Friends; and being then somewhat stir'd with Grief, and not having yet slept well in his new Lodging, he fell into Slumber for two or three hours.

About which time the Messenger return'd with his three Friends. He was almost out o' Countenance when he saw 'em; and hardly knew how to receive 'em. At last (said Will,) 'Why, how now Polydor! What brought thee hither? Even my own Folly' (replied Polydor) 'you will not pity me when you hear it. However, I must discourse it to you, that you may give me your Advice; you must know then, I am Marry'd.'—Marry'd (cry'd all three, in a strange Surprise) 'Ay, Marry'd' (continu'd Polydor) 'and to one of the most Beautiful Creatures breathing! One whom I wou'd not leave for the Empire of the World, were she but really what she seem'd. You appear Amaz'd at what I say (pur-sud he, but sit ye down and I will relate you the whole Adventure; 'Tis pure Knight Erranty, that you must take notice

notice of before-hand. When he began and told 'em every Circumstance till the very Minute that they came to him. They heard it with a great deal of Patience and Wonder, but with no little trouble for their Friends sake. ^{edict for}
 ' cry (said Will,) you are fallen into the
 ' hands of Sir Tomason Frowly, I have
 ' heard he's a meer Jew to any Man that
 ' ows him Money. No, Pox ^{on} him!
 ' (cry'd Harry) Nothing troubles me
 ' but that he is Marry'd. And what's
 ' worse (added Tom,) that he shou'd
 ' throw himself away without ever so
 ' much as asking the advice of any of
 ' his Friends! You see Friend (said
 ' Harry) what comes of Weddings?
 ' Pox take me, if I can pity you for
 ' the heart of me. Why were there not
 ' Wives know in the Town of other
 ' Mens but you must needs get one of
 ' your own! And (added Will,) to
 ' believe a little Rascally Lad in a matter
 ' of such moment! A likely piece of
 ' business indeed; (cry'd Harry) that a
 ' Lady of twelve hundred a Year and
 ' some thousands in Money and Jewels,
 ' shou'd

shou'd dispose of her self on such a
 Person as thine ! There had been some
 reason ; had some probability, that I
 might have had such Fortune : I might
 justly expect it. Yes, from such a
 Lady as *Sycorax* in the *Tempest*, with
 a Dowry of Enchanted Lands (cry'd
 Tom) which you may take Possession
 of when you can discern 'em. — No,
 Faith, (continu'd he) to give the De-
 vil his due, *Polydor* has the advantage
 of us all, that way. Ay, (reply'd
 Harry) and to give the Devil his due,
 he's the silly'st Devil that ever I heard
 of ! Come ! You are Merry Gentle-
 men at my Cost, (interrupted *Polydor*)
 but this is nothing to my Liberty, this
 is no Advice ; tho' tis what I did really
 expect from you. Advice, (cry'd
 Harry) why prithee send for thy Wife
Ariadne with her Clue, if thou know'st
 whither. I believe she's gone to my
Sycorax, for their Lands lie very near
 together. No, no, (interrupted Tom)
 I rather imag'n *Bacchus* has taken her
 up too, into Heaven ; he's an old
 Dog at *Ariadne's* ! You shall see he'll
 fetch

' fetch Sir Francis's Sister and all more-
 ' ly. Enough, enough of this! (cry'd
 ' Will, very soberly) Let's think what's
 ' to be done. Why; I'll tell you my
 ' opinion (reply'd Harry) I know a
 ' rich old Widow about three-score, I'll
 ' send her to him, if he'll Marry her;
 ' so as Marrying brought him in, let it
 ' e'en fetch him out. Very seasonable
 ' and wholsome Advice i' gad! (cry'd
 ' Tom) And then, 'tis but leaving her
 ' assoon as he gets out, as Araneus has
 ' left him, and he may thus be quits
 ' with Fortune. Y' are very pretty Fel-
 ' lows truly. (said Polydore) But, It
 ' may fall to my share to laugh at you,
 ' yet e'r I die. Ay, if your Spouse should
 ' prove a right Diamond and no Cun-
 ' terfeir, (replied Harry) you might
 ' laugh at us for laughing at you. In
 ' the mean time, (your spleen the
 ' other way,) if you can, 'twill become
 ' you better. Come, dear heart! (said
 ' Will to Polydore) Take no notice of
 ' this two Rat-cats, and I will tell
 ' in my power to serve thee; upon my
 ' soul, I will, and I'll do him very ill-
 ' gingly.

gionly. 'Hark, Oh what Gravity!' (cry'd
 Harry) As if it were not possible that
 we might be as ready to serve him
 with our Lives and Fortunes as your
 Worship; because you talk and look
 so superciliously, and we so freely!
 Well said Harry! (cry'd Tom) What
 Dab's the Rogue affront us! Away,
 ye Bree of Coxcombs! (replied Will.)
 I don't accuse ye of any Myserses to
 his service! But, methinks, so you
 shou'd have pleas'd your selues suffi-
 ciency with your gallantry on him, by
 this time. Prayse, let's now be seri-
 ous. May for my part (said Tom to
 Harry) shou'd be as serious as a Pick-
 et-Rocket on this busyness, in a Church
 and his Friend Tom carries as serious
 as the Parson! Well! And what's to
 be done now? I think at the best, May
 (replied Will,) to remane aman to the
 Standard Harry (interrupted Will) I
 warrer you to go to the King's Banke,
 to have some acquaintance there alreadie,
 and to let vicleansome Bonds with
 such a person, whose of eme confidants,
 will give and call the Liberty this way
 vlyning

with safety. I'll be fute to visit you every day in Term time at least. And we'll make thee as welcom as we can, (cry'd Harry;) that is, thou shalt never go o'er the Water sober. Hang your Dutch Entertainments! (said Polydor) I'm out of conceit of 'em. A blessed Reformation, if it hold! (said Tom.) It shall Sir (replied Polydor.)

They had some farther discourse concerning the means of getting him over, which lasted about a quarter of an hour more, then they sent for half a dozen Bottles of Claret to the cold House, and a dish of cold Chickidas. By that time Polydor's English was come to him. For, if ever you were a Prisoner, you may be sensible the sight of a Friend or two there, revives a Man strangely! He eat as heartily as he did on his Wedding-day. And so went off the three Bumfests and abhorded to do, as the King, the Queen, and the Duke. But there were two more to come. But as soon as you are gone for to go o'er yonder to the Duke, they

They stay'd with him till the Fatal Bell was rung, which commands every Prisoner close to his Chamber, and all others abroad to their business. Here you might see one lugging two Guns (as they call 'em) which in plain English are two Pottle-Pots of Ale and Beer, another following him with some Tobacco, a Candle and Pipes. There, a poor Soul with two or three Bottles of the Sheriff's Wine, *Anglice* Fair Water; begging of another to fill his dirty Pipe with stinking Mundungus.

I suppose, the miserable Wretch was one of the Common-side. You may believe me, for I have lay'n in the House some Nights my self to my Sorrow; Nor is it any great matter of wonder, for a Man of my Circumstances to have been a Prisoner: You know we are generally special Poor. Well! There were a great many other Objects of Pity besides this Man, that a Curious Person wou'd have taken notice on. But Polydor's Friends were none of that sort, for they went out as soon as they cou'd persuade the Turnkey to open

the

the Door. *Polydor* return'd to his Chamber, and very contentedly went to Bed, where he slept soundly; for he had drank his share with his Friends.

Next Morning, he found himself in very good temper, and withal something inclinable to Rhyming. Whereupon he set Pen to Paper and made,

An Attempt, in Pindarique,
On the Blessings of
Adversity.

I.

THE just and Brave unmov'd
appear,
In Storms where meaner Souls do
shrink,
And ev'n beneath themselves do
sink;
Unable Miseries least weight to
bear!

H

Or,

Or, if with Wealth and Honour
Crown'd,
No room within their narrow Heart is
found,
To entertain the Blustering Guest;
But Swelling with the Bubble straight they
burst!
They in Adverse or Prosp'rous Fate alike
are Curs'd!

When, the great Soul does scarce
admit

The Fawning Parasite:

Or, if he does; 'tis lock'd within his
Breast:
Nor suffers him to play his part,
Within the Cabinet of his Heart,
But slighted, in the Ante-Chamber let's
him sit.

An equal mind in different Fates he
bears:

The one he neither Courts, nor t'other
fears;

Nor is with this puff'd up, nor that
depress'd:

But in himself alone is ever Bless'd.

I. I.

Ambition, Anger, Avarice and
Lust,

With other Passions of the Mind,
The Gen'rous Soul in Reason's Chain-
does bind;

And as his Captives at his Feet does
thrust,

Tho Fierce and Great to Slavery do's
bring;

Here Nero's Tyrant is and Alexander's
King!

When the base Wretch is his Slave

Slave;

Which, like a Conqu'ring Prince,
do's brave

The reason Heaven to defend him gave:

It's Throne Usury, and do's affect to
Raign,

Lord of the strongest Castles, both the
Heart and Brain!

And now grows Insolent and Lewd:
Revolts, and mingles with the purest of his
Blood!

Do's his best Faculties controul;

And won'd debauch his chaster Soul!

At least misleads it for a Space ;
 Then leaves it naked to disgrace !
 The Man who thus is by his Passions
 sway'd,
 O'r Beasts shou'd wish to Rule, never to
 be obey'd !

III.

Bless'd is the Man whom Heaven do's
 not try ;
 With guilded Apples of Prosperity ;
 Sweet to the Tast and Beanteous to the
 Eye,
 But Rotten at the Coar and Poyson to the
 Heart !
 But thrice bless'd he who can reject
 The proffer'd Pleasure of the Bait ;
 Who sees the future dire effect,
 If overcome by the Deceit.
 Losing the Pleasure he avoids the deadly
 Smart !
 But thrice and four times Bless'd is
 he
 Whom Heaven try's with Misery,
 And hardly Cloaths with Rags of Po-
 verty !

Who silently do's bear his Fare
And is contented in his lowest State.

Inur'd to Grief and sad Mischance,
Surely, tho slow tow'r'd Heav'n he do's
advance

Treading on Thorns the way to Bliss!
Adversity the greatest Blessing is!
And nothing than Prosperity is worse!
Prosperity ill-us'd, the greatest Curse.

IV.

Job's Tempter, sure, mistook the
way,

Job's Virtue to betray!
Or, rather, the All-Merciful deny'd
That his Beloved Servant should be
try'd

By heaping Riches, so to teach him
Pride.

Hard'n'd in Grief and Plagues his Vir-
tue grew;

Steel'd it became, Temptation-Proof it
was;

The deadlyest Darts which on him Satan
threw,

His Body pierced, but could no farther
pass.

His Patience to his Tempter gave more
Pain,

Than all Job did sustain !
And he was Plagued, and he was shot
in vain !

When (Lo !) Th' Almighty from
Above,

With Eyes with Party flowing and with
Love,

Beheld the Afflicted Man, as weak he
lay,

Buryed in Ashes on the Ground :
Would safe to Parley with this thing
of Clay !

Taught him to know himself and made
him sound.

And for the Miseries which he had
shar'd,

Gave him a Seven-fold Reward.

Teach me then, Heaven, to with-
stand

The heaviest stroke of Sorrow's hand !
That, to my self brought home, I
may

The Obedience which I owe thee ever
pay !

He had scarce made an end before an under-Officer of the House came to tell him there was a Gentleman and a Lady below that would speak with him. He was not a little Surprized at it, not imagining what Lady should come to give him a Visit in such a place, unless it were his own Sister. However he bid the Fellow lead them up. He did so. And Polydor then was much more amazed than before, when he saw his own false Ariadne, as he thought her, led in by Marwoud the Treacherous. They stood staring on one another a pretty while, & neither of 'em could speak. But Polydor was in a strange Perplexity ! You would have thought he had been in a Fever by his Face ; he would fain have been angry and have rail'd at her, but when he beheld her Beauty, he was no more able to do't, than I am to fight a Whale in the water ! And that is not very probable ; for I can Swim no more than a Mill-stone :

Heavens ! (cry'd Polydor, pulling his Hat over his Eyes, and walking from her in a great deal of hast) Art thou come now thy self to torment me ! Barba-
 rous Woman ! Go ! Take that Treache-
 rous Man into thy deceitful Bosom, make as much of him as your false Heart will give you leave. And thou Marwou'd,
 Faithless Man ! Embrace, Embrace the Syren ! Go together ! And betray one another into a groundless and vain Opini-
 on of each others mutual Affection ! Shame-
 less Man (continued he, looking fiercely on Marwoud) what unheard of Impudence has brought thee into my sight,
 after thou hast thus betrayed me ! But what ill things dare not he do, that durst betray his Friend ! ' Why, this is very strange
 ' (Interrupted Marwoud) what do you
 ' mean, Polydor ? I mean to Cudgel thee
 (replyed Polydor, all in a Rage) for thou art not worthy of my Sword ! ' O !
 ' fy ! (interrupted Ariadne) Is it thus
 ' you Treat your Friends. Peace, Sy-
 ren ! Hypocrite ! Fair Deyil ! Peace !
 (cryed Polydor) Thy Breath and Looks
 are Infectious ! ' Good Heaven ! (said
 ' Ariadne

Arladne weeping) How have I deser-
 ved this! Ah Crocodile! (cryed Polydor,
 with an angry Smile) I confess thou hast
 not deserved that I should speak to thee!
 But — admire now the sweetness of my
 Temper! That I can vouchsafe to tell thee I
 am angry with thee: And that I have
 much reason to hate thee: O! Would I
 could! On what Errant has Hell sent thee
 to me now? Or, rather what greater Af-
 fliction is Heaven yet pleased to try me
 with! — Come! I'll be tame. And gen-
 tly will confess thy Power to ihee. Werc
 thou but half so Virtuous as Fair; and I
 a thousand times more Rich and Happy,
 than now I am miserable: I'd kneel to get
 one Smile of thee. But — thou art —
 Hold! (interrupted Arladne) And
 hear my Business first; e're you pro-
 ceed to Judgment of me! I come to
 offer you all that I have; and were it
 Twenty Thousand times more, I
 would lay it all at your Feet; I have
 brought this Gentleman, my Friend;
 who (it seems) has been long your
 Friend, however you are, willing to
 mistake him now; him I have engag'd
 to

to Compound the Debt with Sir Tencious, and if he will not accept of our Propositions ; he has procur'd another Gentleman his Friend to Bail you with him. She tells you truth Polydor (said Marwoud) tho your Passion blinds, and will not let you see our kind Intentions to serve you. *And is it really true?* (cry'd Polydor) *Most certain,* (replied Ariadne.) *Then Dam yee, Dam yee both,* (cryed Polydor, furiously) *What! Purchase my Liberty with the Prostitution of your Body!* I tell yee, tho you both consulted to get me into this place; yet I'l make a shift to get out on't, without your Aid, Advice, or Money. And for thy part Marwoud (continued he) expect I will thank thee most justly for thy Industry in delivering me into the hands of these People; who yet have used me more civilly than thou desired'st I should have been.

He then told him what he had heard from the Officers; while the other laboured with all the Cunning he had, to perswade him, that he was abused by them, in that Discourse: But all to no purpose

purpose. Nay (said Polydor) 'tis in vain to hope I should believe thee true to me now; when thy very acquaintance with this Woman Lowdly Proclaims thy Guilt.

While they were arguing thus very hotly; Ariadne took up the Verses and slipt 'em into her Pocket. At last they grew lowd; and then Polydor taking Ariadne by the hand, led her civilly out of the Room; but Marwoud he almost threw down Stairs; and immediately shut the Door to him.

Ariadne beg'd of him with all the earnestness that might be, to open the Door to her; urging that she had something to discover to him that concerned the whole Quiet of his Life; but all in vain! He bid her be gone and come no more near him. She still prest to come in, and I believe would have made up all Differences had she prevail'd; for she was really very sensible that she had been to blame, in treating him thus so long. But being still denied entrance, she went away with a Resolution to play him yet one other Trick e're she undeceived him.

Marwoud

Marwoud was much out of humour, and in a great heat with Polydor, for scolding him so basely before his Mistress; but he considered, there was no Sword to be drawn there; and besides, his happy Rival was then Naked which stop'd the effects of his Indignation, for a time: Yet he could not forbear threatening him with Revenge, and that in the hearing of Ariadne. Who told him, he need study no greater Revenge than what he had already; or at least, than what he was like to have by her means.

This pretty well appeased the affronted Squire; and he waited on her home without so much as ever threatening Polydor again.

Polydor, was a little disturbed at this unseasonable Visit: because (perhaps) since the Fit had just seiz'd him, he designed to have gone on Rhiming, which their unexpected and unwished for Company prevented. Being therefore somewhat discomposed, he went to his Friend in the Lodge and desired to drink a Glass of Wine with him; which was presently permitted him; and they Dined.

ned together very plentifully and chear-
fully.

About 5. a Clock, as he was Drink-
ing a Grace Cup, he was told that there
was a Lady in a Coach at the Gate who
asked for him, and the officious Messen-
ger had hardly said the word, e're he
saw *Dorothea* come in, whom he had all
along mistaken for Sir *Francis's* Sister
Ariadne. She was attended by two
Footmen, one of which was *Polydor's* fel-
low-Travellor, to St. *Alban's*.

He was mightily surpriz'd at the sight
of her; and could not but conclude now,
that she was in earnest, and had a real
Passion for him.

He led her up to his da ksm Appart-
ment, where he began to expreis the
sense he had of the House, and Obligati-
on she then did him in that Visit. She
told him he mistook, for the kindness was
to her self only, and that she was come
with a full firm Resolution to know what
he refused to tell her, some Days
past.

But (Madam, interrupted he.) First, I beseech you let me know how you found me out here. Marwoud, with much entreaty inform'd me (said she.) But had he known that I intended you a Visit, and upon what account, I dare believe a hundred Guinneys wou'd not have tempted him to the Discovery. For, in short (I'll be free with you, tho' you are so unjustly strange to me) he loves me; at least I am confident he has a great Passion for my Money and Estate. The Devil's in him for Ariadnes! (interrupted Polydor.) She seem'd to take no notice of what he said but went on. Yet let his Pretences (continu'd she) be never so generous or so self-Interest'd I cou'd never love him, much less since I have had the misfortune to see you, who so obstinately deny me the least place in your kind thoughts. Madam, (replyed Polydor) I beg of you for Mercy's sake do not do me so great an Injustice, as to believe what you have said. Heaven knows, if it were possible; I wou'd sacrifice my Heart and all to the Service of Sir Francis Heartwel's Sister. This is mere Evasion (cry'd Dorothea,) I cannot apprehend

prehend what shou'd binder but your own Inclination, and unless you will let me know the Obstacle, I shall die in that Opinion.

Since then, Madam (said Polydor) you press me so closely to it, I dare not deny you that satisfaction; but I must conjure you by what soever has the dearest Influence on you, that you will be secret: I promise it, (cry'd she) as I hope for any Happiness in your Love.

He kiss'd her Hand upon it: And told her of his Marriage with Ariadne, the Circumstances and all the Misfortunes that were Consequences of it.

She all the time seem'd the most troubled Creature that ever was: Sometimes she Sigh'd, then held her Handkerchief to her Eyes, till she had made 'em look as if they had been so red with Weeping; then she would turn them Amorously on his, and there hold 'em for a considerable time; then at last, with another pitious Sigh fetch'd from the very bottom of her Lungs, shee'd fix 'em Languishingly on the Ground. And twenty other little Arts she practic'd, (which

(which you know, pretty Ladies are very expert in,) to make him believe how much concern'd she was at the loss of him.

I will not say positively, that she did really Weep; but I am apt to think she might: For, Women (they say) have an excellent Talent that way! Now for my part, I wonder at it! Since, I swear to you, I can't shed a Tear an I were to Hang for want of a Tear, unless I cut Onions (which is a thing I seldom do) or take fine Spanish Snush; and that brings the Rheum partly thro my Eyes, (which truly I like as well as Sneezing, every whit. It clears my Head and do's me as much kindness as I expect from it, but these means you'll say, are too visible to be mistaken for the effects of any Passion. But after all, if I were to cry for my Life; I would go to hear a Comedy or two, that I know.

The Doleful Tale being over at last; after some little silence on both sides; Dorothea began to lament afresh the loss of the only Man whom, as she pretended, she could Love; and the more to

aggra-

aggravate his Misery ; She told him her design in coming then to him, was absolutely to know his last Determination, whether he could Love her as a Wife or no ? And to have paid his Debt within a Weeks time, if he had Marry'd her ; nay, farther, her extravagant Passion carry'd her ! She offer'd yet to make him her Husband, and to retire with him to any other part of the Christian World. He could not forbear kissing her Hand again and again, for so prodigious a kind Proposition : But he declin'd it as modestly as 'twas possible any Man should. He let her see how destructive it would be to her Reputation, how fatal to her Quiet, after a few Months when the Extreſs of her Passion was allay'd. Nay, and add'd very honestly, that it was not improbable that he should grow sick of a Wife that had so far lost all that was valuable in this World ; and then they would both prove most miserable.

*But Madam (continued he) I am very
Confident that this is but a tryal of my
Humour, and if I had accepted your offer,
you*

you would only have mock'd my easiness in believing your Virtue so weak and unguarded. You may think (said she) as advantageously of me and my Virtue as you please; but assure your self, I doubt my Love would Sacrifice all to you. But — In the name of good Fortune (puff'd she) what happiness can you propose to your self with your Ariadne! The greatest I could wish (replied he) were she yet but Virtuous. But (perhaps, said Dorothaea) in that you suppose Impossibilities. However Madam (answered Polydor) I'll hope the best. Well! (said Dorothaea) I see you are deaf to the news of a better Life, and so I leave you: But with all the discontent imaginable, on my part: Saying so, she arose from her Seat.

Polydor who had forgotten it all this while, now at last bethought him, that (happily) she might have talk'd her self thirsty; beg'd of her to accept of one Glass of Wine, and left her in hast without expecting her answer, to send for it. Mean while she took a Paper out

out of her Pocket, which she conveyed under his Gloves :

When he returned, she told him, she neither could nor would stay to drink with him, for whom she had lost herself ; and in a seeming kind of a Pet, flung out of the Room : He followed her, and taking her hand led her to the Gate, all the way begging her to consider it as it was, his Misfortune, not his Fault. She said no more, than twas in his Power yet to make his Fortune good or bad, and therefore she concluded it was his fault. He took his leave very submissively of her at the inmost Gate, looking on her with a very Penitential Face, which (may be) he put on, merely to please her.

When she was gone, he went to his Melancholy Retreat. Where he reflected on the strange Perverseness of his Fortune ; to cheat him thus with a false Counterfeit *Ariadne* of a true one ; for it was past all doubt with him, that the Lady who just left him was Sir *Francis Heartwel's* Sister and the Real *Ariadne* : So many Circumstances there were to confirm

confirm him in that Opinion, there was the Livery and the Coach which was near enough to be known to him for Sir Francis's, and what was greater than all that ! He was certain that one of 'em was really Footman to the Knight..

These and such like Thoughts kept him in his Chamber for about half an Hour : When, taking up his Gloves to walk down to give his Fellow-Sufferers a Visit ; he saw the Paper *Dorothea* had left there.

'Twas Superscribed, to Polydor the Credulous. By way of Imitation of his Blessings of Adversity.

THE Fool and Easy soon are
lost
In Snares which careful Men avoid,
Or, which their Arts have soon de-
stroy'd ;
Too subtle to be made the Coz'ners
Boast !
Tho Love, or Money be the Bait,
Their Heart excludes the gilded, gay
deceit ;

No room is for the Shadow found -
 But safe in their own Policies they rest.
 They in a Prosp'rous World, or Adverse
 Fate are Blest ;

When the kind Soul do's strait admis,
 Each faving Parasite !

Takes him into his Besoms from the ground
 Nay, suffers him to play his part,
 Even in the inmost of his Heart ;
 And in the highest Throne Triumphing
 lets him sit !

A Faith like wax to every one he lends,
 Which a soft Word soon melts or a
 Smile bends,
 Takes the Impression of a Judas-Kiss,
 As deep, as the kind stamp of Faith-
 fulness !

I think there was a Mock to every
 Stanza ; but on my Word I have for-
 gotten 'em. Polydor was amaz'd at the
 Reading 'em, nor could he imagin how
 they came there. 'Twas a Womans
 hand he concluded, but 'twas a Hand
 too he had never been acquainted with ?
 He had graced him in his serious Ram so
 exactly,

exactly, that he could not but Laugh heartily at it!

He put them up very carefully and went on with his Charitable Design of Visiting some poor Gentlemen in the House that had wanted him for some hours, he was very pleasant with them till Bed time. When he went to sleep till about Six the next Morning, I don't hear that he complained much of his misfortune that Night.

In the Morning about Eleven a Clock, came Harry and Tom to see him: And brought him news that on the Morrow in the Afternoon, his *Habeas Corpus* would be ready, and he might hope to see St. George's Church before Night.

He was well enough pleased with their diligence in his business, but he wanted his third Friend Will. Q (cry'd Harry) he'll be here time enough to rob us of the best part of our Dinner. We have bespake three Dishes at Fowlers, a-gainst two a Clock, and the Wine I suppose will be here within a quarter of an hour. He had scarce spoken e'r it was brought. They got once more the freedom of the Lodge

Lodge for their Imprisoned Friend; where they Dined as soon as Will came; which was precisely at two, as near as I can remember. They were mighty pleasant all the time and so we will leave 'em; to hear what was done all this while at Sir Francis's.

There had been (it seems) a strange Catastrophe, for *Dorothea* and *Miranda* had now at last prevail'd on *Ariadne* to leave off Tormenting her *Polydor* and rest satisfyed with his good qualities after so many cruel Experiments she had made on him. What most invited her to be at last Civil to him, was the declaration of his Love for her which he made to *Dorothea*, supposing, she might not have quite lost her Virtue.

Well! (said *Ariadne*) I consent to un-deceive my Enchanted Squire, on Condition you'll suffer me to discover your Inclinations; your's *Miranda* first to my Brother, and your's *Dorothea* to *Marwoud*: Think not (pursued she not permitting them to reply) that I ask this of ye as a favour too, no I have already resolv'd on it; and as Good Fortune will have it, see here

here they both come.—Come Brother (continued she) pray sit and Oblige Mr. Marwoud to sit with us: We must Consult, here is much business to be done, and that very suddainly. Nay; if I can serve you Madam; (replyed Marwoud) you need but instruct me, and conclude affirmatively of my absolute Obedience. You promise largely and nobly (replyed Ariadne) but I fear you will repent of your Obligation: Tho' in my Opinion you have rather cause to be satisfyed with it. And, not to hold you any longer in suspence, know 'twas with my consent and the best of my Affections and Endeavours that I Marry'd Polydor; and you have only been my Instrument in trying his humour, which otherwise I could not have been so well acquainted with. Now, therefore (continued she) the Request or Command (which you please to call it) that I have to you; is to lay aside all Animosities to him and Pretensions to his Wife: Not that I mean to rob you of one Mistress and leave you absolutely destitute of an Object of Love; no; I shall rather make you too ample satisfaction for so inconsiderable

rable a loss, when I have promise you and offer you now the Heart of my Dear Dorothea, I expect no denial after the promise you have given me: 'tis partly an acknowledgment you ought to make me, for the opportunities I have shewn you of gratifying your Revenge on your Friend and my Husband. In short, I design you shall be happy with her the same day that I am so with Polydor. Madam (said Marwoud) since you do really Love Polydor, and that there is now no longer any hope for me from your Circumstances, I can't propose greater felicity to my self than Dorothea's Love, if I can'd be assured on't. I will engage for it (answered Ariadne) Pray make your Addresses.

They then fell into Cabals, Ariadne discoursing her Brother and Miranda. There she did Miranda the violence to discover the Passion she so long had entertain'd for Sir Francis, who was most pleasantly surprised with the Relation, and blam'd his Sister that she had not revealed it before, that he might ha' Marry'd as soon as she. Something she said to excuse it; but that is not very Material here. I Marwoud

Maryland was very well pleased with the Person and Humour of his new Mistress, but still he had a Reluctance or uneasiness in his thoughts for the Loss of Ariadne's Fortunes: Dorothaea was very well contented with his Humour, Person and Fortunes; for to say truth, she had lov'd him long, and could have accepted him with half his Estate.

Ariadne having brought things to so good a Period at home, propos'd the day following, to undceive the poor de-
fonding Polydore. In order to which, Sir Francis and Miranda, Maryland and Dorothea accompany'd her to him. Ariadne desir'd to speak with him, and one of the Servants went to acquaint him that the Lady was at the Gate that came to visit him with a Gentlewoman, three or four days past. Polydore said the Fellow say the most busyness, as indeed he was; for there were his three Friends who had brought his Habits & Ornaments to remove him. Thick Misty Slinger regard'd for all that, and told him the Country was so cold, upon which it was but
now winter.

ny'd, that she must speak with him. Tell her she may (said Polydor) If she will take the pains to meet me three or four hours hence at the *Golden Lyon* in *Southwark*. He did so, and return'd once more to let Polydor know that Sir *Francis Heartwell* would see him if he pleased. *Sir Francis Heartwell!* (cry'd Polydor in a great surprise !) Thou mis-
takest, sure. No Sir (reply'd the Servant) so be call'd himself, I am certain. *Bring him*, let him come in (said Harry) If he
do's affront thee, I shall find a time to cut
his throat. I cannot blame thy zeal for
thy friend (replied Polydor) who is he
mistaken. He is a man of too much honour
to offer any Rudeness. Saying so, he
went as far as he might to wait on Sir
Francis, who was just coming into the
House with his Sister, *Marwoud* leading
Miranda and *Dorotea*.

After having saluted each other, Sir *Francis* desir'd Polydor to leave his friends to entertain one other for a quarter of an hour, that he might discourse him a little privately. Polydor spoke to 'em of it, and went into another

Room with the two Gentlemen and the Ladys. Sir, (said the Knight, lifting up his Sister's hood, which till then cover'd her face) Do you not know this Lady? Too well Sir (Reply'd Polydor) you had not found me here, Sir, otherwise. Have you any pretensions to her? (said Sir Francis.) Pretensions, Sir (answer'd Polydor) no, no; and I wou'd she never had had any for me! What's the meaning of this? (said the Knight;) To my knowledge she loves you. Do you know who she is? Yes, and what she is too, (reply'd Polydor;) she call's her self Ariadne; but the pretty Imposture will not pass for such in this Lady's Company. At these words, he took Dorothea's hand. 'Tis well (continued he) they are both come together. I hope my Ariadne will not any longer pretend to the blood of the Heartwells before you, Sir. Your Ariadne! (said Sir Francis) why, are you Marry'd to either of 'em; Yes, yes, Sir Francis (cry'd he in a great Passion) To my eternal shame I am marri'd to this false Beautifull creature; yes I am sped with her. Well Sir, (answer'd Ariadnes Brother) And Heaven

Heaven give you joy with my Sister !
 Ah Sir (says Polydor) Do not triumph
 in the misfortunes of an unhappy Gentle-
 man ! I know you do but I pose now ;
 for that Lady's your Sister, (said he
 bowing to Dorothea.) If you please Sir,
 (answer'd Marwoud) That Lady shall be
 my Wife before Noon yet, as late as 'tis. It
 shall onely trouble me (replied Polidor)
 for the Lady's sake. Come, come, Polydor,
 (said his kind brother in Law) pen your
 Eyes, view her well ! Is not your Ariadne
 more like me than my Cousin Dorothea ?
 for so is that Lady call'd who has hitherto
 only personated my Sister, the more to
 perplex you. Ah Polydor cry'd Ariadne
 I bring thee now thy True and Faithfull
 Ariadne. Let me embrace you together
 (said Sir Francis.) And now Polydor
 (cryd Marwoud taking him by the hand).
 Let here all Picques and Feuds cease. I
 wish thee, and will not envy thee, all those
 joys thou art like to possess in that Lady ;
 To whose Embraces and caresses I will
 at present leave you, to withdraw the
 Action that is against you ; which I
 protest I do, with much more content than

I lay'd it on. Ha! (cryed Polydor) This is too much happiness for me in one day! To find my dear Ariadne true, to be reconcil'd to my friend whom I thought past it, and to be so nearly ally'd to one whom I have always been ambitious of serving.

Marwoud went out and discharg'd him of the Action and fees of the House, while the other two Ladys complimented him; and began to confess how they had all contributed to his seeming misfortunes. Heaven (cry'd Polydor) that I should not know that face again and that shape out of Breeches. But I am now awake. Yet (continued he) I must beg you would permit me to distrust your kindness to me before my friends, in t' other Room: Be it as your humour Commands (answer'd Ariadne) But don't let the counterfeit last long.

Marwou'd now return'd and brought news of Polydors Libertie: who strait led 'um to his other Friend. After Complements had pass'd, he call'd his three Friends aside, and told 'um how things had succeeded, but withall added, that he durst not yet trust their Kindness, where fore

for he intreated they wou'd accompany him to Sir *Francis's*, where he was going, and that he wou'd plant 'em so near, that upon the least call they might come to his assistance if occasion were. They all promised to hazard their Lives and Fortunes in his Service.

Polydor then taking some Money out of his Pocket to bestow on the poor wretches that wanted it, at the same time pull'd out the mock to his Pindarique; and shew'd it to *Dorothea*, asking if she knew the hand. She answer'd, yes, 'twas her *Confin Ariadnes*; who smiling, confess'd that she had stolen his melancholy stuff with design to abuse it. He was not a little pleas'd with this Confession.

As soon as every one had Distributed their Charities, they left the dismal place, and *Polydor* took Coach with Sir *Francis*, *Ariadne*, *Miranda*, *Mary* wou'd and *Dorothea*: But *Harry*, *Will* and *Tom* were forc'd to walk into *Cheapside*, where they likewise took a Hackney Coach, following Sir *Francis's* Coach, as close as they could. They came in
little

time to their Journey's end: Where *Polidor* dispos'd of his three merry Boys in a very convenient Room, leaving 'em Wine enough to supply 'em till he had dispatch'd his affairs in the next Room. Where as soon as he came, he was amaz'd to see the Tables already spread, and all things in as much order as if it had been design'd a week before! But this was not all the occasion of his surprize, for when his Brother in Law, and his dear *Ariadne*, led him into an Inner Room, he was there presented with all the Writings of her Estate, and a glorious sight of Rich Jewells, and of Gold and Silver, some in Bags and some loosly scatter'd about the Chest. This sight was not altogether ungrateful to *Polydor*, tho he did not absolutely doat on Riches.

Immediately after the shew was over, Sir *Francis* was for calling for the Person whom he had provided to speak some fatal words, (as strong as any Witches Charm, I'm sure) to him and *Marwou'd*, and the other two Ladys. But *Polydor* beg'd his three Friends

Friends might first be admitted; to which they agreed: and he gave the sign immediately for them to come in. Who no sooner heard it, but with all the Violence and Resolution imaginable, they rush'd in with their Swords drawn. *Ha! (cry'd Polydor) whence is this Rudeness! what do you mean Gentlemen!* How now Polydor (said Harry) Have you forgot we came to your Rescue? Rather to *Divorce me from the greatest happiness imaginable* (reply'd he drawing his Sword, which Sir Francis and Marwood did likewise) *This is strange (said Will.) It is indeed (answer'd Polydor) very strange; that a man should betray himself into twelve hundred a year besides thousands in Money and Jewels, and throw himself away on so Beautifull a Creature as Ariadne. You (Harry) I confess might have expected it? but for such a person as mine. Death we are fool'd then (cry'd Tom) well we shall find a time (continu'd he offering to go.) Hold Gentlemen, pray be'nt angry (said Polydor) you must not go yet, till you have din'd with us, and been Witnesses to a little*

Business

Business that these two Gentlemen and
Ladies have to dispatch, Come, Put up !
Put up ! We are all friends. Ay, Gen-
tlemen (said Sir Francis) we must intreat
your Company to day. Nay (added
Marwon'd) ye must be our Guests. Upon
this they all put up ; and were as good
as so many Certificates to *Miranda* and
Dorothea ; that Ceremony ended, they
eat and drank plentifully, had the Fid-
dles, Danc'd, and were wondrous Plea-
sant, so wee'l leave 'em till night, when
I suppose the three Hero's went to Bed
with their Ladys ; where wee'l leave
'em to be more Happy, than I dare
tell you they were.

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